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Literary Department

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

BY J. L. S.

By all mortal human vision,
Objects are but dimly seen,
And are often much distorted,
By some action of the brain.
And what seems a monstrous image,
Would from such dimensions shrink
And reveal its true proportions,
Did no object intervene.

In the twilight of our knowledge,
Spectres of the "vasty deep,"
Seem to flit before the eyesight,
When we wake and when we sleep.
And we, like frightened children,
Prisoners in a darkened room,
Where but little light can touch us,
Terror o'er our spirit creep.

But as we become enlightened,
And we can more clearly see,
Objects to our view present;
Part with much of mystery,
And we lose our fear and turn,
As they stand more brightly,
With the light's increasing brightness,
Mental light has set us free.

It is thus that we poor mortals,
Must forever suffer here,
While our minds are kept in darkness,
With illusive specter fair.
But with light and knowledge spreading
On the path of our life,
And the truthful forms that haunt us,
With the darkness disappear.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Visit to Henry Clay—Interesting Particulars.

FROM A BOOK ENTITLED "STRANGE VISITORS."

—BY A CLAIRVOYANT.

Having recovered my health after a sojourn of two weeks amid the charming scenery of Mount Rosalia, or the "Rose-colored Mount," I set forth one morning, accompanied by a competent guide, to visit the home of my friend, Henry Clay. The morning was uncommonly fine, even for the great Land of the West, and the fragrance from the roses blooming upon the hillside was fairly intoxicating.

Our phaeton was a small, swan-shaped carriage, ornamented with golden designs, and propelled by a galvanic battery in the graceful swan-head, which at my request took the place of the ordinary steed.

This was, to me, an exceedingly novel mode of travel, which my short sojourn in the Spirit World had prevented me from before enjoying.

We glided over the electric ground, with the speed of lightning and smooth harmony of music. The road over which we rolled was white and lustrous as parian marble, and adorned on either side with the most rare and beautiful forms of foliage; ever and anon we passed gay cavalades and bands of spirits, who were evidently, from their festal garments, and the bright emotions which glowed through the air, bound for some harmonial gathering on one of the numerous islands which dot the sparkling river Washington, so named after George Washington.

The distance from the point from whence I started, according to earth's computation, was over one hundred miles; but though I desired my guide to move onward as slowly as possible, that I might enjoy the prospect before me, we reached our destination in less than an hour!

I had received an invitation from Henry Clay to visit him on this occasion, as he had called to together some choice friends to give him welcome; but, although I knew I was expected, my surprise cannot be described upon beholding the air filled with bevy of beautiful ladies, like radiant birds, approaching, with the sound of music and flutter of flowers, to receive me. Thus surrounded and escorted, I was borne to the noble palace (for such it may justly be termed) of Henry Clay.

The structure is of white alabaster, faced with pale yellow semi-transparent stone, which glowed most gorgeously. The form of the building is unlike any order of architecture with which I had been acquainted. The avenue by which it was approached was decorated alternately with statues of representative Americans, and a peculiar flowering tree, whose green leaves and yellow blossoms, of gemstone texture, resembled the fine mist of a summer morning. Terminating this avenue was the main entrance, surrounded by the grand dome of the edifice. In the rear of this entrance, extending on either side, appeared the main building, rising, turret on turret, like a stupendous mountain of alabaster beaming as with soft moon light in the clear summer air.

We entered by ascending a stair case composed of twelve broad steps. As I had been let me pause, before recounting my interview with the celebrated statesman, to describe the main hall, whose magnificence, upon entering, hastily surveyed, but which I afterward studied more completely. The floor of this hall was formed of delicate, curled, and from its centre sprang, like a fountain, a most wonderful representation of a flowering plant resembling the lotus, composed of precious and brilliant stones. The green leaves forming the base were of transparent emerald, and the white lily which surrounded the stem, bloomed out clearer than any crystal. The yellow center corresponding to the pistil, formed a divan. This beautiful ornament was intended for the orator. The dome, which was several hundred feet high, was open to the summer sky, and arranged in tiers graduated on the other. The lower tier was filled with paintings indicating the progress of America. Surmount-

ing this was a gallery of small compartments, each hung with silver and gold lace drapery, and similar in construction to the boxes of a theatre; these opened into halls of alabaster leading to private apartments connecting with the main building. Above these were three tiers of artistically carved animals, representing the native beasts of America. Above these again, appeared groups in marble, of the fruits of the country.

No sooner had I entered the building which I have described, than a peculiar rushing sound like distant music reached my ear; on lifting my eyes in the direction of the sound, I beheld descending through the air the majestic form of Henry Clay. He approached with extended hand and fascinating smile to receive me. How like and yet how unlike the famous man on earth! The gray hairs of age had given place to the abundant glossy locks of youth. The intelligent eye beamed with a new life and his whole person sent forth an effulgence most attractive. Those of my readers who knew him on earth will well remember the peculiar fascination of his sphere, but they can form from the remembrance but a slight idea of the attractive aura he sheds forth in this existence. I immediately felt myself drawn by an invisible power toward him. He grasped my hand with the frank cordiality and grace of former days, and leading me thus, we arose together and, passing through one of the arched compartments of the upper tier, entered another portion of the building. As we moved on I seemed to live portions of my earthly life, long past. The gorgeous and fantastic architecture which every where met my eye reminded me of the Alhambra. Swiftly passing, we emerged through a spacious arch, upon an open harbor, where were congregated the guests whom I had been invited to meet. I started back with a shock of delight when I beheld George Washington. I knew him instantly, partly from the likeness which had been extant on earth, and partly from the noble spirit which emanated like a sun from his person. The group separated as we entered, and I immediately felt, resting upon my shoulder like a benediction, the soft, firm hand of the Father of his Country. "Washington!" I exclaimed, fervently grasping his hand. "At length we have met!" he responded, and a smile of ineffable joy lighted his countenance. He spoke of the many changes through which the United States had passed since his removal to the spirit land. I was surprised at the extent of knowledge he displayed. Not the slightest variation in the scale of political economy had escaped his notice. He expressed himself pleased especially at the great progress and development of the people within the last twenty years. He alluded to the rapid march through the western territories; the founding of new and important states; the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of countries supposed to be almost valueless; of the invention and construction of machinery adapted to the wants and necessities of these new and rapidly increasing states. "This marvelous growth is owing to their being essentially a mediamorphic people—is it not so?" said he, smiling and turning to the assembled guests. "Yes, yes!" I heard repeated on all sides. On this commenced a general conversation, in which the United States and its progress were the subject of discussion. I beheld the faces and forms of the heroes of past history, each bearing the shape and semblance of humanity, though removed from earth millions of miles into space. One and all emitted, like stars their own peculiar aura. Collected in misty groups were Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, and many others. The people of America have advanced to an astonishing degree," said a musical voice at my left. "We must initiate Irving into the means by which we impart knowledge to the mediamorphic nation through the Cabinet at Washington."

"Certainly," responded Henry Clay. "Let all formalities be dropped. We will partake of refreshments, and then Franklin will make him acquainted with the wonderful aids to science and humanity with which he has supplied my residence."

As he ceased speaking, a shower of sound, like the music from the ringing of innumerable crystal bells, filled the air. Accompanying this was a peculiar descending from the ceiling, a light of aromatic perfume diffused through the apartment. This was followed by the appearance of a shining disk of amber and pearl, revolving rapidly in its descent till it reached the congregated party. This magic circle (which Thomas Hood who was present, facetiously termed the "Penny Arcade") was supplied with refreshments truly surpassing. Here were fruits of most brilliant dyes; some of soft pulpy flesh, and others of the consistency of honey; some more transparent than the diamonds of earth; others sublimely, seemingly intended to supply the demands of the senses. There were also delicious assemblages of flowers, whose very taste was elysium. I received much information concerning the various products of this great land which were displayed upon the table. The most luscious fruits, I considered, both in flavor and quality, were those produced on an island in the Spirit Land corresponding to your island in Cuba, which was under the protection of a band of spirits called the "Good Sisters."

The company having regaled themselves at the table, arose and divided into groups, laughing and chatting like ordinary mortals. I felt immediately attracted to a cluster of which Benjamin Franklin was the center. He was conversing with me of the duties imposed on him by our

host, and told him playfully that I desired to investigate the mysteries of this wonderful palace. He cordially acquiesced, and in company with a few friends, we commenced our explorations. I inquired of the construction of the table upon which he had just arisen, so superior to the cumbersome ones of earth. "It is a very simple contrivance," he smilingly remarked. "You perceive inserted in these columns, ornamented with leaves, which support the ceiling, an electric wire, similar to that of a telegraph. From each of these central columns, this wire extends to the upper gallery. Here," said he, pointing to one of the leafy ornaments, "you perceive the means of the communication. Unobserved by you, our gracious host touched one of these springs which are connected with the crystal bells, and announced to his servants his desire for refreshments." "Servants?" I exclaimed. "How singular! I little supposed, from the religious teachings I had received, that there would be mentalists in heaven!"

"There has a poor memory," remarked William Penn, with a bright smile, "I do not like the Bible teach thee that there was an upper and a lower set of these servants attending mostly of those who were held in slavery on earth, and who desire to receive instruction that they may progress in the spheres. They are willing assistants; giving that they may receive in return. If thee dislike the term 'servant,' they may use the term 'friend,' for they are friends and co-workers. Through those doors in the gallery, they bring the refreshments which they gather from the hanging gardens without, where they live like the Peries of the East. The luxury of the princes of earth cannot compare with the life of enjoyment and freedom led by those whom I have termed 'servants.'"

I here took the opportunity to ask Franklin if it was necessary, in communicating with absent individuals, to use those external appliances? "Not always," thought can commune with thought if upon the same plane; but a mind like that of our great statesman cannot readily communicate with one whose mind on earth never rose above the domestic affairs of life. In such cases external means are necessary."

"Come," said he, turning, "I will show you something more remarkable than this." So saying, he led me through an open door into one of the spacious gardens which grace the palace on either side. We walked but a few moments, and I saw a most lovely landscape, with the air of a delicate toilet. Exquisite tint every where met my eye. The air was like wine, and so luscious and entrancing were the surroundings that I felt inclined to tarry, but my sage guide calling my attention to the majestic dome towering in the air, desired me to exert my will to ascend. I did so, and immediately felt myself rising as if pressed up by some elastic substance until I reached the top. The dome, which appeared to be composed of glass, I perceived, as I approached, was covered with a thin web resembling that of a spider. The apex of this dome was surmounted by a globe representing the planet earth, with its continents and seas. Openings corresponding to the different continents admitted persons into the globe. We entered that corresponding to the continent of North America. Each of these entrances, I was told, was particularly adapted to the admission of the inhabitants of the different localities they represented. On looking down, I beheld the apartment I had first entered. It was no longer vacant—each gallery was filled with spectators. On the high shaped rostrum stood Henry Clay and George Washington—Washington speaking to the people. "You observe," said my guide, "a secondary stem from that lofty branch off and extends to this point. It appears to you a mere ornament, but it transmits the thoughts and words of the speaker to the city of Washington. Other branches, as you notice, lead in other directions. If the speaker desires his thoughts to be transmitted to any given point, he leaves the stem leading to that point. This stem which you have admired, is a sensitive electric telegraph. It is composed of the elements of mind; in the world you have lately inhabited it would be intangible, but it has a subtle connection with the human brain, and as it is constantly flowing; we here, I apply means to concentrate it and give it form and expression. On earth, word and gesture are media for thought, but the senses have not discovered the means by which unspoken thought can take form and expression. No galvanic wire nor chemical battery has yet been devised by which the thoughts of these electric sparks may be drawn down from their unseen habitation among the clouds; but in the world of spirits this great discovery, as I have shown you, has been made. In this appliance you find the thoughts of the speaker running through those sensitive wires, and, like telegraphic messages, they reach their destination on earth."

I listened to Franklin's explanations of this gigantic apparatus with my soul filled with love and admiration for the great Creator who had formed the human mind with its vast capacity for penetrating the sublime mysteries of nature.

After leaving the dome I continued my inspection of the edifice. But as my balls and

galleries, its boudoirs, libraries, and peerless gardens, I will speak at some future time.

For the Religious-Philosophical Journal.

The Beautiful Lady.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There was a little girl whose name was Helena, but because that name was too long for a pet, she was called Ella, and by her father, Eli. She was six years old, with flaxen curls and blue eyes, and cheeks flushed with sunsets.

"You are not much of a girl," said her father to her one day, as they sat on a wide seat under a great apple tree.

"Not much of a girl?" said Ella. "Why, you said the other day I was the best girl in the world?"

"That may be, but bring me some dandelion stems, split and curl them, they will make as nice curls as yours, and just the color,—bring me two blue bells,—they are for eyes,—and two red roses for cheeks, and I will have another girl in no time."

"Well, I can carry her in my arms, just as I did you until you were a year old."

"Your girl cannot talk."

"You did not until you were two years old."

"So, so," moved Ella in astonishment.

"So, if you take those flowers and carry them a year they will run alone?"

"Did I say that?"

"You said I did."

"You are not the flowers, unless the angels could see, lilies and asphodels in the heavenly meadows."

"Papa!" exclaimed Ella, "while we have been talking, a great black caterpillar has been climbing the tree. He was a fierce fellow. I thought him a bear at first. He looked like a mull with head at one end, and claws for feet at one side."

"Then caterpillars feed on the herbage, and ascend the tree to build them a house for winter?"

"There he is now,—see! in the tip-top! He calculates to have an airy place where he can see the country."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Ella, spitting her hands. "The great black fellow changed into a beautiful lady and flew away. There she goes! how beautiful!"

"Your imagination almost makes you speak falsely," said her father. "Did you really see a lady?"

"I guess so," said Ella, greatly composed. "I guess so," said a caterpillar go up, and a bird fly out of the tree."

"Ha! ha!" laughed her father, "and that was the fair lady? I cannot have my little Eli ever whisper a lie, so I shall have to procure that caterpillar and keep him until he flies away."

Saying this he procured a ladder from the garden, and a cat paper box for a house, and ascended the tree and secured the caterpillar.

Ella was wild with excitement. She never waited for one question to be answered before she asked another. "When will he fly away? How long shall we have to keep him? What color will the lady be? Now, it has fully matured, and I had woven a web of silk around itself, and seeks to protect itself against the cold of winter. We will observe how ingeniously it will build itself a tent."

They placed the box in an arbor, with a glass for a lid, and when the next day they went to observe it, it had already completed its task. It had woven a web of silk around itself, and into which the long black hairs were set bristly out as they did from its body.

"He has made a warm bed, but how I should have loved to have seen him make it," said Ella.

"It is impossible to see more than the beginning of the process. The silk is at work in its body, at this time it is employed to weave its tent. I do not understand myself, how the bristles are fixed in this manner. I have cut their nest or cocoon to pieces, but this one we will leave until spring. We should first were to destroy it, see a silk-lined cocoon, and the caterpillar, no longer such, but a little, brown egg, or what can be called such."

"Oh, I cannot wait till spring," exclaimed Ella impatiently.

"If a caterpillar can wait until spring, we can. We will place the box on the highest shelf in the summer house, and there it must remain until next May."

It was a long time from July until May, but the cold winter passed, and Ella had forgotten the affair, when her father one sunny day in May, brought the box into the parlor.

"Papa, papa," cried as she ran to him, "I had entirely forgotten the black bear, and the beautiful lady; has he come out yet?"

"No," exclaimed her father, "but it will shortly, and I thought I would set the box on the window here in the sun, so that it would not come out unseen, in the manner it concealed itself."

"Shall I watch it?"

"We will watch it."

"That will be fun. When he comes out will he cry?"

"No, it can make no noise."

While they were talking, the end of the tent was pushed outward, and in a few minutes was burst open, and a butterfly struggled out, and fell helpless on the bottom of the box. Its wings were wet and wrinkled, and its legs glued to its body. As they intently watched it, it revived, and stretching out its legs, ascended the side of the box, and crawled up the window pane. Then it by repeated efforts stretched out

its wings. They immediately dried, and became beautifully glossy. It waved them several times as if to try their strength. They were black as night, shining as steel, with delicate white and yellow spots. How they flashed in the sun.

When Ella's father raised the window, the warm breeze came romping in from the roses, and touched the wings of the butterfly. It instantly became active, and slowly circling round the parlor, seemed wafted rather than to fly out of the window. They stood and watched it slip its first nest from a May rose. How daintily it touched the blushing leaves, as though it said, "Oh rose, give a spirit a drop of nectar." Then far away it flew like a leaf on the wind, and her father said, "See, Ella, there lies your beautiful lady."

The black bear, fed on coarse herbage, the bitter cold and acid weed, but it was only to gather strength and power. Then it burst through all restraint, becomes a winged spirit of the air.

Benediction by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan at a Circle.

And to you all such blessings
As the dew on when they come,
Bringing flowers and sunshine,
And music from the birds of heaven,
Where'er your footsteps wander,
Their forms glide noiselessly,
And when you think them dead,
They hover close by,
To watch you every wandering,
And caller by the way.
The flowers of their home life,
To adorn them where you stray,
So when you seek some knowledge,
Of that which lies beyond,
Just look within your spirit,
And eyes as soft and kind,
And filled with tender meanings,
Can reach your soul's depths,
Until at last revealing,
You shall feel their sweet control,
And the answer come to you,
Upon the summer air.
The answer to your prayer,
The answer to your prayer.

Fossil Belemnites.

BY J. W. FEELEY.

I have recently examined some geological specimens from Lake Michigan, near Green Bay. I am informed they were taken from a ledge of rock in twenty fathoms of water, and about five miles from shore, where fishermen find their game in the month of October. They consist of the most perfect cellular crystallized coral, the most beautiful specimens I ever saw, and numerous shells of different varieties, imbedded in an aluminous rock covered with silt. The shells are all of tropical origin, and vary from half an inch to three inches in length, and are bivalves, fan-shaped and corragated, the pale ungued, and larger lapping over, hawk billed at the hinge, one containing the full grown muscle, all perfectly crystallized.

I am informed that the ledge of rock is extensive, and the specimens, valued by fishermen, very numerous. Should any of your numerous readers be familiar with the locality and fossils of this rock, I would like to receive, through your paper, or personally, a general history of them.

There seems to be no doubt that they are of tropical, if not equatorial origin, and if this is fully proven, it will add another link to the chain of facts demonstrating the position of the former equatorial belt, and, consequently, the location of the previous poles. It is not probable that all the earth's surface has been equatorial within known geological periods, but it is satisfactory demonstration that some portions of the present polar regions have been equatorial, and if the position of the earth, when it gyrated to and from the sun, can be ascertained, a rational demonstration of the equatorial belt and the position of its poles. The present known facts seem to place that belt at right angles to the present equator, and to cross the belt between nine and thirty degrees of longitude west of Greenwich, and between one hundred and forty and one hundred and seventy, east, or, in other words, near the centre of the Atlantic ocean, between the most western point of Africa and eastern point of South America, and on the opposite side, running a little east of Japan and across the eastern portion of New York, and which would locate one of the poles south of California in the Pacific, and the other in the Indian ocean, at a point south of the eastern extremity of Persia, and both on the present equator.

As these rich ledges were formed in masses under a tropical climate, it is not probable that they were conveyed to their present locality by sliding processes, but being firmly anchored, were swung to their present latitude by the earth's gyration, and secondly, it is fully proved that the former equator did cross in the longitude mentioned, it will be another link in the chain of evidence to establish the probable position of the former equatorial belt, and the position of the poles. The learned savant and oriental scholar, L'Abbe Breuey who, in a paper contributed by him to the "Annals of the American Philosophical Society," claimed to have found the key to the hieroglyphics of Central America, which prove them to be similar to those of Egypt, and by which interpretation he claims to have discovered in them a history of a continent, and its destruction, which was situated in the region now occupied by the Atlantic ocean, north of the present Tropic.

These hieroglyphical statements appear to be sustained historically, by the report of Plato's conversation with an Egyptian priest, and geologically by the presence of a date on the west coast of India, but as your readers may have read the report of L'Abbe, I will only remark in passing upon it now, that there seems to be a strong probability that the conversation with Plato and the presence of the date, instead of the idea of a continent he described, which, for some sake, was reported to be historically unlocked from these mystic records, and that further revelations, well sustained by the hieroglyphics, will be accepted.

Many such long wished for discoveries are often published, but history is never afterward enriched by them.

Barraboo, Wisconsin.

Italy. 19

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(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XIV.

EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT
OF JESUS.The Interview of Jesus with the Learned Rabbi—
His Address.

Those who have carefully read our articles on the early history and development of Jesus, have found many new ideas therein advanced which can not fail to excite thought within their minds. In the action of the wise sages of the Spirit World, there is a perfect system—everything they do is in accordance with law, unerring in its action, and, of course, a designated result is always certain. There is no failure connected with any enterprise which they undertake, for they know exactly the process to pursue in order to insure complete success.

In mathematics there are certain definite rules which must necessarily be employed in order to arrive at a desired result. In those rules, there is the most perfect harmony imaginable, and the mathematician can always feel self-reliant, for he fully understands the object of each step he may take. There is an equal certainty in the manifestations of nature's laws, as in the result of those rules embraced in the higher mathematics. The angel world, in conducting any system of investigation, understand thoroughly the forces at their command,—combine them in different manners, and always arrive at the result they anticipate. They use the forces of the universe as the mathematician would use the various rules embraced in Geometry, Algebra, Conic Sections, Trigonometry, Integral Calculus, and Mathematical Astronomy, knowing equally as well the results that will be produced. There, then, can be no uncertainty in the action of the order of spirits that thoroughly understand the forces at their command. Knowing the nature of the elements which they can control, they are enabled to work successfully, and never fail in producing results which they had anticipated.

Well, we will retrace our steps, retrace the curtain of the past, and behold the brilliant acclamations that, over 1800 years ago, dotted the earth's surface, and sent their radiations to every nook and corner of the world. That certainly was a dark period in the history of mankind. The Roman Empire, under the victories of its armies, had extended its reins of government in almost every conceivable direction, and the ministrations of the rulers were far from being of that character suited to the people. The Jewish nation, under the galling influence of Herod, had had a pall of darkness cast over it, and the common people were really in a sad condition. The learned Rabbis,—those educated in the doctrines inculcated by the Old Testament, had woven a net-work that encompassed the Jews, and made them feel like cowering synagogues. It was this auspicious period that Christ made his advent. In his mother's arms, as it were, under the inspiring influence of the angel band who had him in charge, he exhibited a degree of intelligence that baffled the wisdom of the oldest heads. When but five years of age, his questions were of that character that exhibited the action of an influence foreign to himself. When lying in his mother's arms, he would frequently seem to lose his identity, and would speak of changes that would occur in the mortal and religious world. She would listen to him,—not appreciating the grandeur of the ideas given, or understanding to his infantile lips. From the day of his birth, he could see spirits and hear their voices. When only five years of age, he could carry on a conversation with his un-

seen visitants, and under their inspiring influence, he was often led to predict the death of those around him, giving marked changes in their future life.

On one very important occasion, in one of the ancient temples of Jerusalem where the Rabbis,—learned Doctors, were accustomed to congregate together to discuss questions that related to the spiritual and temporal wants of the people, Jesus might have been seen. This was a momentous occasion. The learned Rabbi had heard of this wonderful child, knew that he was endowed with remarkable wisdom, and they congregated together for the purpose of listening to the remarks that he would make in answer to the interrogatories which they might put to him. The learned Rabbis, the leaders in fact of the Jewish people, did not for a moment entertain the idea that he was the son of God. They looked upon him as simply a human being in every sense of the term, endowed with a precocious intellect, and they desired to test his peculiar powers, and learn something in regard to his history and parentage. The scene connected with this examination was grand indeed. The little child,—a mere boy, a flower of transcendent beauty in the midst of a barren intellectual plane, the tints of which afforded an agreeable contrast to the stiff-necked and austere Rabbis, whose souls were of that character that they did not respond to the cries of the common people. Yes, indeed, the scene was transcendently grand. At the side of Gamaliel, a learned doctor, stood Jesus, and as he leaned over, his arms resting on his limbs, he looked like a child who was endeavoring to read the inmost thoughts of his parent. Did this array of talent and priestcraft, as it were, intimidate him? No, for around him was that same angelic circle that first conceived him, and who were faithful and true to the being they were instrumental in bringing into existence.

RABBI.—Child, dost thou have any ideas in regard to the nature of that being who created this earth?

JESUS.—Well, learned Rabbi, why ask me that?

RABBI.—Because you seem to grasp the most abstruse questions, intuitively, and we desire to know,—thinking, perhaps, that your precocious mind had within it a light that burned, giving some knowledge in regard to this question.

JESUS.—I do not believe the Mosaic account of creation. It is contrary to reason and common sense. This earth was not formed in the manner you designate.

RABBI.—Why, child, give thy reasons therefor.

JESUS.—You represent God as a being, learned Rabbi, with an organization similar to your own, only you ascribe to him all-power. Believe not your theories. This earth was not made in the manner designated. Look at the rays of the sun. Each one is a current—a vital force that bears from that luminary a portion of the same. Those rays of light are messengers, really bearing upon them a part of a body that is located millions of miles away. The fire that burns at night illuminates the surrounding country, only just that distance that the "radiating currents" will carry portions of that fire; yes, portions of that fire, but so infinitesimally small that should they come in contact even with the lightest substance, they would not ignite it. These "radiating currents" are set in motion in accordance with certain laws inherent in matter—each ray constituting a single current, entirely distinct from the rest, yet so interblended therewith that you could discern no difference between them. It would not be well for me to enter into a minute detail in regard to those forces that exist in the fire, that send forth those "radiating currents," each one of which bears upon it a portion of the fire which illuminates the atmosphere wherever it reaches. Now, learned Rabbi, let me tell you, then, that in all these varied manifestations of nature, you illy understand the laws that govern. All bodies move in "currents of force." Talk of anything moving outside of a particular current, and you allude to that which does not exist. Is not a portion of the fire that illuminates the forest at night in every part of it wherever light can be seen. What gives you light, if it is not the fire—the infinitesimal particles of it, which travel on those "radiating currents," from a central point, set in motion by the action of forces in the burning pile. Yes, learned Rabbi, that illumination of the forest at night, is caused by fire, by the infinitesimal particles of it moving in "radiating currents." It is the same with the sun. It is comprised of strange elements. Should I tell you all in relation to it you would not comprehend me. Allow me to say that those forces at work there are somewhat similar in action to that of the burning pile,—they generate an infinite number of etherial currents, each one of which bears upon it a part of the sun, a part of that glorious luminary. Now, learned Rabbi, pause. All objects move in space in accordance with various forces. I would not tell those things that do not come within the province of your comprehension, for even this earth is in constant motion, and ever has been. But I must speak of those things that do exist—that you know exist. You know that a ray of light exists, and you know further, that it must be composed of something. If really it is composed of something, it must have obtained that something from the source from which it was derived. As a ray of light was derived from the sun, it must contain a part of the sun. As it came from the sun, certain forces must necessarily have caused it to move. As all nature is orderly and regular in its action, we may conclude that the forces of the sun set in motion "radiating currents," which bear upon them particles of matter. But I see, learned Rabbi, that you do not understand me. Pour a quart of water on an inclined plane, and it will continue to move—first with great rapidity, but the matter with which it is in contact, is an obstacle which retards its motions, and finally the opposing forces stop it altogether—it is exhausted. The rays from the sun are simply "radiating currents,"

which move with the speed of thought, and only cease their motion when their power is exhausted in overcoming the obstacles in the medium through which they pass. There are suns in the regions of space, the "radiating forces" of which can only throw a ray of light a million of miles, and are consequently invisible to us. Think not, learned Rabbi, that you see all the stars that deck the firmament above—there are millions that do not pass the power to generate "radiating currents" sufficient force to carry the properties that create light and heat, to this earth. Each of these "radiating currents" exhausts itself, for force, if not omnipotent, must necessarily exhaust itself in overcoming obstacles. The soil absorbs the water which falls on it, and it gives new vigor to vegetation. These beautiful "radiating currents" from the sun are exhausted by the action of matter—in turn, they animate with new life and vigor all Nature here, learned Rabbi, I would pause and say that that flower (pointing to one on a table) has within it the elements of the water that has been poured upon it. It has also some of the constituent parts of the sun, for each ray of light that touches it, imparts to it the vitality of that brilliant orb. Would it have blossomed, had it not been for water? and ah, learned Rabbi, it would never have bloomed if it had not been for the vitalizing influence that the sun imparts. The earth, then, each year, is really growing larger, though not perceptible to the senses, while the sun is actually growing smaller. The earth is constantly absorbing the life element of the sun, the same as the little child at its mother's breast, extracts therefrom her life-element. But she receives a supply again from the food she eats, and were not forces at work to supply this waste in the sun, it would in a few ages cease to exist, while it would be dead to those orbs that it had so long lighted. But, learned Rabbi, you asked me in regard to the creation of the world. Verily, you will not believe me. I have reasoned thus to bring certain ideas within your comprehension, and now I would state certain facts in regard to the creation of the earth. This earth is a child of the sun. That force which enables it to send small particles of itself on a ray of light, as it were, once was of that power that enabled it to send off into the regions of space this earth. This is strange to you, I see, yet nevertheless true. The forces that operated to do this, it is needless for me to explain to you, for I fear you would misinterpret me. But I here say, learned Rabbi, that a similar force to that which sends a part of the sun to this earth, on a ray of light, also forced off from that body this present earth.

Kind Rabbi, you have much to unlearn as well as to learn. I can talk to you plainly, for I am but a child, and you need not fear me, though you misinterpret me. I desire to say here, that your doctrines are false, and your views in regard to the hereafter all a myth. Think a moment. Your own existence is a mystery to you. You can not even understand that. How vain it is for you, then, to think of explaining anything in regard to the future life! All men, learned Rabbi, are in one sense of the word, equal. You divide them into casts, as it were, and keep them in the chains of ignorance. The lowliest of men are really as good as any of you. Ah, yes, the hewers of wood and cutters of stone stand just as high with our Father in heaven as you do, for he is no respecter of person. This may sound harsh, but it is true. Place yourself more on a level with the lowliest, and you will save yourself the shame of being forced there by the immutable laws of God.

RABBI.—Do you say that God will degrade us by placing us on an equality with the slave?

JESUS.—Not degrade you, learned Rabbi, but elevate you.

RABBI.—Why so? I do not understand you.

JESUS.—I would say, then, that whosoever my father in heaven loveth, he chasteneth. He would chasten you by placing you on an equality with the slave—but he is no respecter of persons, and, of course, can not elevate one above another. There are slaves who will stand higher in my Father's mansion, than some of these learned Doctors.

RABBI.—Poor child, we pity thy precocity, if it leads you to give utterance to such doctrines.

JESUS.—Learned Rabbi, I am but a child, fear me not. In my Father's house are many mansions, yet I would not say that he would place you in one of them more nicely arranged than that which he would give the lowliest among you. He is no respecter of persons. He is an impartial being; and when you have died, you will recognize the truthfulness of all I have said. Each one of you have two bodies, the outer one is material, the inner is spiritual. When you throw off the material body, you will find then that spiritual laws rule. You are now in the material world, and material laws rule the actions of things generally. You approach my Father just in that proportion that you become spiritual. You become spiritualized by death, through the instrumentality of one of my Father's immutable laws. You will rise, then, in the scale of existence, just in that proportion that you lift some one up below you. Oh, learned Rabbi, think not that you are progressing, so long as you oppress the weak, and rule them under the terror of tyrannical hands. Ah! far from it. God does not demand you to rule with arrogance, but kindly and lovingly towards all, for you are simply the children of my Father who art in heaven.

The influence that had controlled Jesus now withdrew, and much to the astonishment of those present, he refused to answer another question. This interview with the Doctors had a good effect. Many ideas were advanced by the controlling influence that was not under their comprehension. When he closed his eyes and spoke, they regarded it as delirium on his part, and beyond that it did not attract their notice.

—The pen is mightier than the sword.

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY.

Sun and Rain.

"A young wife stood at the lattice pane,
In a study and sad brow;
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down;
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed: 'Ah me!
What a wretched, weary day!'"

As danger head at the door,
A step as one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist;
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
And she thought with a smile, 'Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!'"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sunbeam room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of love;
'Love, love, love!'
Ran the little wife's murmured lay;
'Without it may I breathe and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!'"

Her eyes sparkle with love; her cheeks are truly with the glow of health and happiness; a smile so gently beautiful wreaths her features; her countenance expresses the deep feelings within, and queen-like and majestic, she leaves her father's mansion, the paternal roof, to change her maiden name, and to commence life under other circumstances. As she leaned on the arm of her affianced, her soul overbowed with affection, a wreath of flowers encircling her head, and a dress exquisitely beautiful, we thought we never saw one so lovely. This was an important event in the history of this lady, a marked event of her life, and while we admired the scene, we felt convinced that she knew nothing comparatively of love, and we predicted, that he on whose arm she so trustingly leaned, would thrust her aside into the cold world, within three years. Strange to say our predictions were fully realized.

Really, but little does the world know of love. Copied with his darts is a parable on the divine qualities. It is really the sunshine of the soul. The love of a pure woman is a quality that the happy recipient might well respect. Well, then, what really is love, this divine quality of which poets have rung, and which has caused so much real happiness as well as misery in the world? The young girl just assuming the responsibilities of married life, really understands but little of that element that vibrates within her soul, and causes her to imagine she loves. God is love,—simply expressing that tender care he manifests for his children. The soul hungers for love, for there is within it a void which, perhaps, only one among all God's vast myriads of children can satisfy. The love nature of God's children, has an existe ce within the human organism. But it was not our intention to fully define love or explain its intricate qualities, in this article,—we only wished to briefly refer to wedded love,—how consummated.

There is a young lady. Her soul is all music. She sits at the piano, and plays and sings sweetly. She worships God in the octave scale; she holds communion with the Spirit World in the delicate strains of voice which she sends heavenward; her soul is a garden of flowers where the music carol and inspire her. She loves music—she is happy under the influence of those delicate strains that emanate from the keys, as she passes her hands over them. A young man visits her, and brings passionately fond of music, he feels a divine influence whenever in her presence, and he seems to love her—he proposes marriage, and is accepted. Truly, seemingly, a happy couple. There was music in each soul, and the response was, "love." They had simply met on the "musical plane," and it was really only the music of their souls that loved. But they are married. The lady is weak and fragile; the man is strong and robust, with largely developed animal passions. They meet now on the animal plane, and therein there is no response in the frail creature he has taken to his bosom. While on the "plane of music" with her, their souls in loving, tender accents responded to each other, and they were happy. They meet on the domestic plane. The wife has no taste to manage the kitchen, in fact, she is out of her elements there, and is illy adapted to meet the cold resolute world. The pair do not enjoy his wedded life only on the "plane of music"—then their souls appear to harmoniously blend. Thus it is with nearly all "love matches." No doubt all truly seem to love when first married, for they have met on a congenial plane, but once off of that and discord and anarchy reigns. Love begotten under such circumstances is transient and ephemeral,—is illegitimate, and is a curse to any couple.

It would be well, then, for that lady who anticipates matrimony, to take into consideration the nature of that plane on which she meets her lover, ever bearing in mind that the planes and phases of life are numerous, and that all must be taken into consideration in the general make-up of a decision, as to whether she really loves or not.

Three fourths of all the wedded in the land, are mismatched, or the elements of their nature are antagonistic to each other, resulting in giving birth to inharmoniously organized children, thereby filling our jails and penitentiaries with criminals. That man and woman, united in the bonds of marriage, and whose life is distinguished by a suggestion of jars, should never become the parents of children. To do so, would be criminal; for criminals are made in the womb. Contention in a family circle will always affect the germ child. A man and wife with whom we are acquainted, quarreled, and the result was, her child in embryo was so perfectly psychologized, that it came into the world with hate for its father stamped on every feature.

The young lady who understands why she loves, is truly wise and is, no doubt capable of making a selection of a husband that will conduce to her happiness. The physical organization of man is generally regarded as positive; and that of woman, as negative; but such is not always the case. One woman may stand in a

negative relation to one man, and him she could truly and devotedly love, but to all other men she is positive. When two persons meet, if male positive, and the female negative,—positive and negative to each other,—they will love each other, and can't help it.

The sphere of the man blends with that of women, and the influence imparted by each is irresistible, and we care not what the position of the man or woman, they cling to each other on account of the relationship of the positive and negative forces, and they can not resist the influence. You take the masculine woman and she never can truly love, for her nature is positive, and as to affection, she never manifests any. Her nature is icy cold; she chills a man who comes in contact with, and she passes through life without seeing its sunshine, or as appreciating its glory. We knew a minister of the gospel—well educated, intelligent, and eminently well calculated to pass through life successfully. His moral character was without blemish, and his wife, a lovely woman, seemed very much attached to him. During his ministrations he meets a young lady—not handsome or well educated, who stands in a perfect negative relation to him. He sits by her side. Their spheres blend as they sit and converse. One exhilarates the other. There is a reciprocal action in the positive and negative forces of their spheres, and both feel a mental and physical illumination, as it were, that they never enjoy before—and they love each other. The poor man can't resist the influence. The young lady, in blooming into womanhood, can't withstand the gentle action of those positive forces that make up the body and mind of the minister, and she finally consents to elope with him.

Now, we here say that love is a condition created by the positive forces of the male, and the negative forces of the female—their reciprocal action inducing that state which neither can resist. Now, the minister who eloped with this young lady, could no more resist the influence that she excited, than the needle can withstand the magnet. Love, then, is a condition, induced by positive and negative forces; for if such is not the case, the senses could feel the elevating influence thereof, alone as well as in company with the opposite sex.

This question, then, is an important one. Marriage is not marriage when consummated between two natures whose organisms stand in antagonistic relations to each other. When two such sit down together, their spheres do not blend—but it is precisely like pressing two balloons together partially filled with gas. They do not feel easy near each other. Their natures are at war. Still they live together. The wife bears children. Therein their antagonistic natures are forced together, and the result is, the same in harmony is manifested in the children. The child must suffer exactly in proportion to the inharmonious that existed between its father and mother, and it will require years, perhaps centuries, for it to overcome this discord in its own organism. Therefore, all such marriages where the positive and negative forces are not properly balanced, should be torn asunder.

"MIND SHADES."

Mrs. E. Burnham expresses her gratification at the truths we have revealed in our articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible,—especially those that treated on Mind Shades and Body Marks.

Mrs. Lucinda H. Ferry writes: "I have been reading with much interest 'Spiritualism of the Bible, No. 10.' There must be a world of important contents contained in the subject."

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, who is now lecturing in Kansas, writes:

"Your articles on 'Mind Shades' and the philosophy you are advancing, are of priceless value to the readers of the JOURNAL."

A prominent physician writes: "Your articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible, are being read with great interest."

We could "string out" a column, if desirable, of such commendations. It is indeed gratifying to us to know that we are advancing thoughts that attract the attention of the thinking mind; but still more gratifying it is to us, to know that the "supply" of new ideas is inexhaustible, and that each additional step we take only reveals to us new fields, where our spirit friends stand beckoning us on.

GYMNASTIC MANUAL.

The above is the title of a very nice little book, that should be in the hands of every family of children. It contains full instructions for a system of gymnastic exercises.

Old and young will find this little book a source of the most interesting, graceful and healthy amusements, in which both sexes and all ages will engage with pleasure and profit. And it will be found on trial for a few weeks, to be a daily exercise, not to be dispensed with by children and youth.

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Personal and Local.

E. V. Wilson will lecture during April, as follows: Sunday and Monday, April 2nd and 3rd, in Cleveland, Ohio—two lectures and a séance. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday,—the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th—five lectures in Sparta, Wisconsin. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at Fox Lake, Wis. Friday, Saturday and Sunday,—the 15th, 16th and 17th—four lectures at Patch Grove, Crawford Co., Wis. Saturday and Sunday,—the 22nd and 23rd, at Dixon, Ill. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday,—25th, 26th and 27th, at Franklin Grove, Ill.

These lectures will be at early candle-light each evening, and one lecture on Sunday. During the day, subscriptions will be received for the JOURNAL. Will lecture in Iowa during May. Friends will govern themselves according to his appointments in the JOURNAL, and not otherwise.

Hooley Ballou, Wm. E. Reese and Stephen A. Dingle, unite in calling a Mass Convention, to meet at Robert, Ind., on the 27th, 28th and 29th of May next.

D. E. Hall is doing a good work at healing the sick, in Astoria, Or.

Addie L. Ballou who has been throwing a fire brand into the orthodox ranks at Omaha, Kansas, lectures next at Fort Scott, same state.

—M. D. Sturges, P. M., of Plumas County, California, what is your Post Office address?

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(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XIV.

EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT OF JESUS.

The Interview of Jesus with the Learned Rabbi—His Address.

Those who have carefully read our articles on the early history and development of Jesus, have found many new ideas therein advanced, which can not fail to excite thought within their minds. In the action of the wise sages of the Spirit World, there is a perfect system—every thing they do is in accordance with law, unerring in its action; and, of course, a designated result is always certain. There is no failure connected with any enterprise which they undertake, for they know exactly the process to pursue in order to insure complete success.

In mathematics there are certain definite rules which must necessarily be employed in order to arrive at a desired result. In those rules, there is the most perfect harmony imaginable, and the mathematician can always feel self-reliant, for he fully understands the object of each step he may take. There is an equal certainty in the manifestations of nature's laws, as in the result of those rules embraced in the higher mathematics. The angel world, in conducting any system of investigation, understand thoroughly the forces at their command—combine them in different manners, and always arrive at the result they anticipate. They use the forces of the universe as the mathematician would use the various rules embraced in Geometry, Algebra, Conic Sections, Trigonometry, Integral Calculus, and Mathematical Astronomy, knowing equally as well the results that will be produced. There, then, can be no uncertainty in the action of the order of spirits that thoroughly understand the forces at their command. Knowing the nature of the elements which they can control, they are enabled to work successfully, and never fail in producing results which they had anticipated.

Well, we will retrace our steps, raise the curtain of the past, and behold the brilliant scintillations that, over 1800 years ago, dotted the earth's surface, and sent their radiations to every nook and corner of the world. That certainly was a dark period in the history of mankind. The Roman Empire, under the victories of its armies, had extended its reins of government in almost every conceivable direction, and the ministrations of the rulers were far from being of that character suited to the people. The Jewish nation, under the galling influence of Herod, had had a pall of darkness cast over it, and the common people were really in a sad condition. The learned Rabbis, those educated in the doctrines inculcated by the Old Testament, had woven a network that encompassed the Jews, and made them feel like cringing synopsists. It was at this auspicious period that Christ made his advent. In his mother's arms, as it were, under the inspiring influence of the angel band, who had him in charge, he exhibited a degree of intelligence that baffled the wisdom of the oldest heads. When but five years of age, his questions were of that character that exhibited the action of an influence foreign to himself. When lying in his mother's arms, he would frequently seem to lose his identity, and would speak of changes that would occur in the moral and religious world. He would listen to him, not appreciating the grandeur of the ideas given expression to by his infantile lips. From the day of his birth, he could see spirits and hear their voices. When only five years of age, he could, carry on a conversation with his un-

seen visitants, and under their inspiring influence, he was often led to predict the death of those around him, giving marked changes in their future life.

On one very important occasion, in one of the ancient temples of Jerusalem where the Rabbis—learned Doctors, were accustomed to congregate together to discuss questions that related to the spiritual and temporal wants of the people, Jesus might have been seen. This was a momentous occasion. The learned Rabbis had heard of this wonderful child, knew that he was endowed with remarkable wisdom, and they congregated together for the purpose of listening to the remarks that he would make in answer to the interrogatories which they might put to him. The learned Rabbis, the leaders in fact of the Jewish people, did not for a moment entertain the idea that he was the son of God. They looked upon him as simply a human being in every sense of the term, endowed with a precocious intellect, and they desired to test his peculiar powers, and learn something in regard to his history and parentage. The scene connected with this examination was grand indeed. The little child, a mere boy, a flower of transcendent beauty in the midst of a barren intellectual plane, the tints of which afforded an agreeable contrast to the stiff-necked and austere Rabbis, whose souls were of that character that they did not respond to the cries of the common people. Yes, indeed, the scene was transcendently grand. At the side of Gamaliel, a learned doctor, stood Jesus, and as he leaned over, his arms resting on his limbs, he looked like a child who was endeavoring to read the inmost thoughts of his parent. Did this array of talent and priestcraft, as it were, intimidate him? No, for around him was that same angelic circle that first conceived him, and who were faithful and true to the being they were instrumental in bringing into existence.

RABBI—Child, dost thou have any ideas in regard to the nature of that being who created this earth?

JESUS—Well, learned Rabbi, why ask me that?

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JESUS—I do not believe the Mosaic account of creation. It is contrary to reason and common sense. This earth was not formed in the manner you designate.

RABBI—Why, child, give thy reasons therefore.

JESUS—You represent God as a being, learned Rabbi, with an organization similar to your own, only you ascribe to him all power. Believe not your theories. This earth was not made in the manner designated. Look at the rays of the sun. Each one is a current—a vital force that bears from that luminary a portion of the same. Those rays of light are messengers, really bearing upon them a part of a body that is located millions of miles away. The fire that burns at night illuminates the surrounding country, only just that distance that the "radiating currents" will carry portions of that fire; yet, portions of that fire, but so infinitesimally small that should they come in contact even with the lightest substance, they would not ignite it. These "radiating currents" are set in motion in accordance with certain laws inherent in matter—each ray constituting a single current, entirely distinct from the rest, yet so interblended therewith that you could discern no difference between them. It would not be well for me to enter into a minute detail in regard to those forces that exist in the fire, that send forth those "radiating currents," each one of which bears upon it a portion of the fire which illuminates the atmosphere wherever it reaches. Now, learned Rabbi, let me tell you, then, that in all these varied manifestations of nature, you illy understand the laws that govern. All bodies move in "currents of force." Talk of anything moving outside of a particular current, and you allude to that which does not exist. Is not a portion of the fire that illuminates the forest at night in every part of it wherever light can be seen. What gives you light, if it is not the fire—the infinitesimal particles of it, which travel on those "radiating currents," from a central point, set in motion by the action of forces in the burning pile. Yes, learned Rabbi, that illumination of the forest at night, is caused by fire, by the infinitesimal particles of it moving in "radiating currents." It is the same with the sun. It is comprised of strange elements. Should I tell you all in relation to it you would not comprehend me. Allow me to say that those forces at work there are somewhat similar in action to that of the burning pile—they generate an infinite number of ethereal currents, each one of which bears upon it a part of the sun, a part of that glorious luminary. Now, learned Rabbi, pause. All objects move in space in accordance with various forces. I would not tell those things that do not come within the province of your comprehension, for even this earth is in constant motion, and ever has been. But I must speak of those things that do exist—that you know exist. You know that a ray of light exists, and you know further, that it must be composed of something. If really it is composed of something, it must have obtained that something from the source from which it was derived. As a ray of light was derived from the sun, it must contain a part of the sun. As it came from the sun, certain forces must necessarily have caused it to move. As all nature is orderly and regular in its action, we may conclude that the forces of the sun set in motion "radiating currents," which bear upon them particles of matter. But I see, learned Rabbi, that you do not understand me. Four a quart of water on an inclined plane, and it will continue to move—first with great rapidity, but the matter with which it is in contact, is an obstacle which retards its motions, and finally the opposing forces stop it altogether—it is exhausted. The rays from the sun are simply "radiating currents,"

which move with the speed of thought, and only cease their motion when their power is exhausted in overcoming the obstacles in the medium through which they pass. There are suns in the regions of space, the "radiating forces" of which can only throw a ray of light a million of miles, and are consequently invisible to us. Think not, learned Rabbi, that you see all the stars that deck the firmament above—there are millions that do not possess the power to generate "radiating currents" of sufficient force to carry the properties that create light and heat, to this earth. Each of these "radiating currents" exhausts itself, for force, if not omnipotent, must necessarily exhaust itself in overcoming obstacles. The soil absorbs the water which falls on it, and it gives new vigor to vegetation. These beautiful "radiating currents"—from the sun are exhausted by the action of matter—in turn, they animate with new life and vigor all Nature here, learned Rabbi, I would pause and say that that flower (pointing to one on a table) has within it the elements of the water that has been poured upon it. It has also some of the constituent parts of the sun, for each ray of light that touches it, imparts to it the vitality of that brilliant orb. Would it have blossomed, had it not been for water? and ah, learned Rabbi, it would never have blossomed if it had not been for the vitalizing influence that the sun imparts. The earth, then, each year, is really growing larger, though not perceptible to the senses, while the sun is actually growing smaller. The earth is constantly absorbing the life element of the sun, the same as the little child at its mother's breast, extracts therefrom her life-element. But she receives a supply again from the food she eats, and were not forces at work to supply this waste in the sun, it would in course of ages cease to exist, while it would be dead to those orbs that it had so long lighted. But, learned Rabbi, you asked me in regard to the creation of the world. Verily, you will not believe me. I have reasoned thus to bring certain ideas within your comprehension, and now I would state certain facts in regard to the creation of the earth. This earth is a child of the sun. That force which enables it to send small particles of itself on a ray of light, as it were, once was of that power that enabled it to send off into the regions of space this earth. This is strange to you, I see, yet nevertheless true. The forces that operated to do this, it is needless for me to explain to you, for I fear you would misinterpret me. But I here say, learned Rabbi, that a similar force to that which sends a part of the sun to this earth on a ray of light, also forced off from that body this present earth.

Kind Rabbi, you have much to unlearn as well as to learn. I can talk to you plainly, for I am but a child, and you need not fear me, though you misinterpret me. I desire to say here, that your doctrines are false, and your views in regard to the hereafter all a myth. Think a moment. Your own existence is a mystery to you. You can not even understand that. How vain it is for you, then, to think of explaining anything in regard to the future life! All men, learned Rabbi, are in one sense of the word, equal. You divide them into castes, as it were, and keep them in the chains of ignorance. The lowliest of men are really as good as any of you. Ah, yes, the hewers of wood and cutters of stone stand just as high without Father in heaven as you do, for he is no respecter of person. This may sound harsh, but it is true. Place yourself more on a level with the lowliest, and you will save yourself the shame of being forced there by the immutable laws of God.

RABBI—Do you say that God will degrade us by placing us on an equality with the slave?

JESUS—Not degrade you, learned Rabbi, but elevate you.

RABBI—Why so? I do not understand you.

JESUS—I would say, then, that whosoever my father in heaven loveth, he chasteneth. He would chasten you by placing you on an equality with the slave—but he is no respecter of persons, and, of course, can not elevate one above another. There are slaves who will stand higher in my Father's mansion, than some of these learned Doctors.

RABBI—Poor child, we pity thy precocity, if it leads you to give utterance to such doctrines.

JESUS—Learned Rabbi, I am but a child, fear me not. In my Father's house are many mansions, yet I would not say that he would place you in one of them more nicely arranged than that which he would give the lowliest among you. He is no respecter of persons. He is an impartial being; and when you have died, you will recognize the truthfulness of all I have said. Each one of you have two bodies, the outer one is material, the inner is spiritual. When you throw off the material body, you will find that spiritual laws rule. You are now in the material world, and material laws rule the actions of things generally. You approach my Father just in that proportion that you become spiritual. You become spiritualized by death, through the instrumentality of one of my Father's immutable laws. You will rise, then, in the scale of existence, just in that proportion that you lift some one up below you. Oh, learned Rabbi, think not that you are progressing, so long as you oppress the weak, and rule them under the terror of tyrannical hands. Ah! far from it. God does not demand you to rule with arrogance, but kindly and lovingly towards all, for you are simply the children of my Father who art in heaven.

The influence that had controlled Jesus now withdrew, and much to the astonishment of those present, he refused to answer another question. This interview with the Doctors had a good effect. Many ideas were advanced by the controlling influence that was not under their comprehension. When he closed his eyes and spoke, they regarded it as delirium on his part, and beyond that it did not attract their notice.

*** "The pen is mightier than the sword."

LOVE AND ITS HIDDEN MYSTERY.

Sun and Moon.

"A young wife stood at the lattice pane,
In a study and a brow;
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down;
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed, 'Ah me!
What a wretched, weary day!'"

As danger hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist;
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
And she thought with a smile, 'Well, after all,
It isn't so bad a day!'"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun of love!
'Love, love, love!'
Ran the little wife's murmured lay;
'Without it, my throat and my brow it will;
Within, what a golden day!'"

Her eyes sparkle with love; her cheeks are ruddy with the glow of health and happiness; a smile serenely beautiful wreaths her features; her countenance expresses the deep feelings within, and queen-like and majestic, she leaves her father's mansion, the paternal roof, to change her maiden name, and to commence life under other circumstances. As she leaned on the arm of her affianced, her soul overflowing with affection, a wreath of flowers encircling her head, and a dress exquisitely beautiful, we thought we never saw one so lovely. This was an important era in the history of this lady, a marked event of her life, and while we admired the scene, we felt convinced that she knew nothing comparatively of love, and we predicted, that he on whose arm she so trustingly leaned, would thrust her aside into the cold world, within three years. Strange to say our predictions were fully realized.

Really, but little does the world know of love. Cupid with his darts is a burlesque on its divine qualities. It is really the sunshine of the soul. The love of a pure woman is a quality that the happy recipient might well respect. Well, then, what really is love, this divine quality of which poets have rung, and which has caused so much real happiness as well as misery in the world? The young girl just assuming the responsibilities of married life, really understands but little of that element that vibrates within her soul, and causes her to imagine she loves. God is love—simply expressing that tender care he manifests for his children. The soul hungers for love, for there is within it a void which, perhaps, only one among all God's vast myriads of children can satisfy. The love nature of God's children, has an existence within the human organism. But it was not our intention to fully define love or explain its intricate qualities, in this article—we only wished to briefly refer to wedded love—how consummated.

There is a young lady: Her soul is all music. She sits at the piano, and plays and sings sweetly. She worships God in the octave scale; she holds communion with the Spirit World in the delicate strains of voice which she sends heavenward; her soul is a garden of flowers where the muses carol and inspire her. She loves music—she is happy under the influence of those delicate strains that emanate from the keys, as she passes her hands over them. A young man visits her, and being passionately fond of music, he feels a divine influence whenever in her presence, and he seems to love her—he proposes marriage, and is accepted. Truly, seemingly, a happy couple. There was music in each soul, and the response was "love." They had simply met on the "musical plane," and it was really only the music of their souls that loved. But they are married. The lady is weak and fragile; the man is strong and robust, with largely developed animal passions. They meet now on the animal plane, and therein there is no response in the frail creature he has taken to his bosom. While on the "plane of music" with her, their souls in loving, tender accents responded to each other, and they were happy. They meet on the domestic plane. The wife has no taste to manage the kitchen, in fact, she is out of her elements there, and is illy adapted to meet the cold resolute world. The pair do not enjoy his wedded life only on the "plane of music"—then their souls appear to harmoniously blend. Thus it is with nearly all "love matches." No doubt all truly seem to love when first married, for they have met on a congenial plane, but once off of that and discord and anarchy reigns. Love begotten under such circumstances is transient and ephemeral—is illegitimate, and is a curse to any couple.

It would be well, then, for that lady who anticipates matrimony, to take into consideration the nature of that plane on which she meets her lover, ever bearing in mind that the planes and phases of life are numerous, and that all must be taken into consideration in the general make-up of a decision, as to whether she really loves or not.

Three fourths of all the wedded in the land, are mismatched, or the elements of their nature are antagonistic to each other, resulting in giving birth to inharmoniously organized children, thereby filling our jails and penitentiaries with criminals. That man and woman, united in the bonds of marriage, and whose life is distinguished by a succession of jars, should never become the parents of children. To do so, would be criminal; for criminals are made in the womb. Contention in a family circle will always affect the germ child. A man and wife with whom we are acquainted, quarreled, and the result was, her child in embryo was so perfectly psychologized, that it came into the world with hate for its father stamped on every feature.

The young lady who understands why she loves, is truly wise and is, no doubt capable of making a selection of a husband that will conduce to her happiness. The physical organization of man is generally regarded as positive; and that of woman, as negative; but such is not always the case. One woman may stand in a

negative relation to one man, and him she can truly and devotedly love, but to all other men she is positive. When two persons meet, the male positive, and the female negative—positive and negative to each other,—they will love each other, and can't help it.

The sphere of the man, blends with that of women, and the influence imparted by each is irresistible, and we care not what the position of the man or woman, they cling to each other on account of the relationship of the positive and negative forces, and they can not resist the influence. You take the masculine woman, and she never can truly love, for her nature is too positive, and as to affection, she never manifests any. Her nature is icy cold; she chills all she comes in contact with, and she passes through life without seeing its sunshine, or appreciating its glories. We knew a minister of the gospel—well educated, intelligent, and eminently well calculated to pass through life successfully. His moral character was without a blemish, and his wife, a lovely woman, seemed very much attached to him. During his ministrations he meets a young lady—not handsome, or well educated, who stands in a perfect negative relation to him. He sits by her side. Their spheres blend as they sit and converse. One exhilarates the other. There is a reciprocal action in the positive and negative forces of their spheres, and both feel a mental and physical illumination, as it were, that they never enjoyed before—and they love each other. The poor man can't resist the influence. The young lady, just blooming into womanhood, can't withstand the gentle action of those positive forces that make up the body and mind of the minister, and she finally consents to elope with him.

Now, we here say that love is a condition, created by the positive forces of the male, and the negative forces of the female—their reciprocal action inducing that state which neither can resist. Now, the minister who eloped with this young lady, could no more resist the influence that she excited, than the needle can withstand the magnet. Love, then, is a condition, induced by positive and negative forces; for if such is not the case, the senses could feel the elevating influence thereof, alone as well as in company with the opposite sex.

This question, then, is an important one. Marriage is not marriage when consummated between two natures whose organisms stand in antagonistic relations to each other. When two such sit down together, their spheres do not blend—but it is precisely like pressing two balloons together partially filled with gas. They do not feel each other. Their natures are at war. Still they live together. The wife bears children. Therein their antagonistic natures are forced together, and the result is, the same inharmonious is manifested in the children. The child must suffer exactly in proportion to the inharmonious that existed between its father and mother, and it will require years, perhaps centuries, for it to overcome this discord in its own organism. Therefore, all such marriages where the positive and negative forces are not properly balanced, should be torn asunder.

"MIND SHADES."

Mrs. E. Burnham expresses her gratification at the truths she has revealed in our articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible, especially those that treated on Mind Shades and Body Marks.

Mrs. Lucinda H. Perry writes: "I have been reading with much interest 'Spiritualism of the Bible, No. 10.' There must be a world of importance contained in the subject."

Mrs. Adelle L. Ballou, who is now lecturing in Kansas, writes:

"Your articles on 'Mind Shades' and the philosophy you are advancing, are of priceless value to the readers of the Journal."

A prominent physician writes: "Your articles on the Spiritualism of the Bible, are being read with great interest."

We could "string out" a column, if desirable, of such commendations. It is indeed gratifying to us to know that we are advancing thoughts that attract the attention of the thinking mind; but still more gratifying it is to us, to know that the "supply" of new ideas is inexhaustible, and that each additional step we take only reveals to us new fields, where our spirit friends stand beckoning us on.

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Personal and Local.

E. V. Wilson will lecture during April, as follows: Sunday and Monday, April 2d and 3d, in Cleveland, Ohio—two lectures and a scene. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th—five lectures in Sparta, Wisconsin. Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at Fox Lake, Wis. Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 15th, 16th and 17th—four lectures at Patch Grove, Crawford Co., Wis. Saturday and Sunday, the 22d and 23d, at Dixon, Ill. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 25th, 26th and 27th, at Franklin Grove, Ill.

These lectures will be at early candle-light each evening, and one lecture on Sunday. During the day, subscriptions will be received for the Journal. Will lecture in Iowa during May. Friends will govern themselves according to his appointments in the Journal, and not otherwise.

Hosey Ballou, Wm. E. Roscoe and Stephen A. Douglas, unite in calling a Mass Convention, to meet at Hobart, Ind., on the 27th, 28th and 29th of May next.

D. K. Hunt is doing a good work at healing the sick, in Atlanta, Ga.

Adelle L. Ballou has been throwing a fire brand into the orthodox ranks at Olathe, Kansas, lectures next at Fort Scott, same state.

*** M. D. Burton, P. M. of Plumas County, California, what is your Post-Office address?

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ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS

VOL. VIII-NO. 3

OUR SENSUOUS RELATIONS TO THE SPIRITUAL
AND PHYSICAL WORLDS.

It may be well for me to state here, our spiritualistic view of this whole question. As I have mentioned, we regard the universe of matter, the universe of mind, and the universe of spirit as but so many grades in that which is eternal and everlasting: in a word, this great universe which we inhabit is but a shadow of that which is real, and essentially the spiritual universe. In other words: that what we see, the material forms of things, are but precipitations which in their last analysis are spiritual.

These impulses upon the nerves and communicate the sense intended to be conveyed by these several rays.

In the sense of feeling, the analogy is also very much the same;—these nerves are distributed upon the outer surface of the body. The nerve of seeing terminates in the retina which is spread out in the back part of the eye. The nerves of hearing—those which take up the sense of hearing, are distributed in the labyrinth of the ear—filaments of the nerve are spread out here near the base of the brain:

Impressions from the outer world on the optic

What reason have you for saying that animals have not spiritual natures,--are not spiritually constituted essentially? In my belief they are,--not only the animal kingdom, but the vegetable kingdom also.

What is the nature of the physical universe is but a shadow cast by the universe of spirit,--that the world of forms is but a precipitation of the world of spirits addressed to our senses and our understandings. We are here constituted physical beings, from the elements of which our minds are separated, and we stand so related to this physical world, by virtue of that physical relationship constituted of it. The earth is our father and mother physically.

What proof have we of this? One very powerful evidence that addresses itself to our judgment in favor of this belief is, that in the course of our investigations as spiritualists, and dealing with the phenomena of mesmerism,

[illegible]

Read the certificates of the successful cures performed in Chicago recently, by Mrs. E.

Walt, on fifth page.

ness, and I know that consciousness is dependent upon conditions, and that each condition has its consciousness peculiar to it.

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(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XV.

EARLY HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT
OF JESUS.

A Scene through the Mediumship of Jesus.

In our previous article, we gave an account of the interview of Jesus with the learned Doctors in the temple, giving the remarks that he made on that occasion. Surrounded as he was by an angel band that could come at any time in close rapport with him, he was prepared to not only answer their many queries, but anticipate the objections that they would raise, and the questions they would ask. This interview taught these learned (7) men an important lesson, for it convinced them, although they would not admit it, that there was a power independent of Jesus, that gave him the information that he imparted. The scene in that temple was transcendently grand and beautiful. The little boy Jesus, with innocence and purity beaming from every feature, with eyes sparkling with the radiance of a divine mission, with a countenance illuminated with that glow of intelligence that came from that fount of truth within the plastic minds of his angel band, was enabled to meet successfully the questions propounded. A beautiful scene, Jesus the instrument, angels the musicians, and the harmonious chiming of truth the music. Glorious event! Was it not? A little boy scarcely 13 years of age confronting the doctors in the temple, and teaching them an important lesson of life! Independent and alone, he would have been powerless; assisted by the angel world he feared nothing, and no remarks that those present made, seemed to intimidate him in the least. His mind responded to the questions asked, with the same certainty that the musical instrument will respond to the delicate touch of the musician. In the midst of these Doctors, he was like an oasis in a barren plain; like a blossom just unfolding from its parent stem. The contrast was apparent. Truth on one side; bigotry and superstition on the other. Well might the scene be admired. It was in this temple and at this interview, that the learned Doctors saw foreshadowed the downfall of their own temporal power, and the institution in the place thereof, of a higher and purer method of divine government.

In the speech delivered, there was a vein of beauty, that bore upon its gurgling surface all the elements of truth, and as it circulated among the people, they felt the effects thereof, and wondered why it was that some change was gradually coming over the minds of the citizens.

We will again raise the curtain of the past. But how any past! The past centuries with the present, and the present with the future, and he is indeed wise who can designate the dividing line; but up the curtain goes! revealing to our vision many incidents of other days. We see Jesus under different circumstances. For a long period of time, the world lost sight of him, and the "vile" innovator was not known. During this eventful period of his career, he was quietly pursuing that path marked out for him by the angel world. From the age of 15 to 30, the world knew him not in the character of a Savior. Ancient history, the bible, the traditions of the past, told nothing in regard to him. His life was eventual up to that age when he seemed to disappear from the minds of the people. The interview with the learned Doctors in the temple, was the last time that he appeared in public in the character of an instructor. His mission then seemed to require a different course of act-

tion. He was not yet prepared to enter the "arena" of reformation, and contend with those gladiators in the persons of the ancient rabbis, who would cry "crucify! crucify!" If he should attempt to subvert the institutions that they had founded at the expense of the poor laboring class. He knew all this, and, of course, his pathway was so arranged that he would seem to disappear from the world, would seem to set like the golden sun preparatory for another day. During the time he resided with his foster parents, he became the wonder of the people! Up to this time, he had not commenced curing diseases by the laying-on of hands. His physical organization was not yet adapted for that grand influx of the healing elements that come from the angel world. Still he prescribed for the sick with great success, and, on account of his *jo-se* disposition, at times, and multifarious, and strange weird remarks, by the people he was called *Joce*, instead of Jesus, a name that had been given him, but which they did not often call him, on account of considering the former more appropriate as expressing something in connection with his peculiar traits of character. A sombre spirit did not always distinguish this versatile character even when prescribing for the sick, which he often did under the influence of those spirits who were perfectly familiar with the action of the various herbs of the natural world on the human system, and who, through the organism of Jesus, were enabled to do a vast amount of good. Little *Joce*, then, was the center of attraction, and well he might be, for he not only cured disease, but predicted the events of the future, with a certainty that astonished the people. It was during this early career that he exhibited such marked affection for Mary the daughter of Joseph, in whose company he was much of the time. Just one more scene we will give in his career, before he left his home with his foster parents. One beautiful evening in the fall, when the sombre appearance of nature indicated the approach of colder weather, the house of Joseph and Mary seemed to be the center of attraction. A man was borne to the house on a litter prepared for the purpose, on whom disease had fastened its fangs, and it seemed as if the poor man would never recover. He was carthier expecting to be soon cured through the mediumship of Jesus. The scene was terrible to behold. It seemed even now that the man was dying, and that he was beyond the reach of even the angel world. Jesus approached his side, and raising his hand, demanded silence, and then, kneeling in solemn prayer. There was grandeur in that supplication, as it moved heavenward, yet he, nor those with him comprehended the object of the same. Those present were arranged in a circle, Jesus forming the central figure, and his prayer was long and fervent, having for its object, to first inspire the patient with renewed hope; second, to render those present passive, in order that the manifestations might be easily given. The prayers of Jesus were great harmonizers—in fact he never held communion in the presence of others, with the angel world, without first kneeling down and uttering a fervent invocation. A supplication so full of pathos, uttered in a solemn tremulous tone of voice, could not fail having a harmonizing influence over those present. After this exercise, the lights in the room were extinguished, and for a moment all were in total darkness. Soon a beautiful phosphorescent light was seen just over the patient, and increasing in size and number, they became so numerous that the whole room was illuminated with them. A mug of water was sitting on the stand, and there could have been heard therein a little noise, pattering, pattering, as if some foreign substance was falling into it. In a moment, Jesus arose, and taking the mug, passed to each one a glass of pure, delicious wine. This was no uncommon occurrence, and excited but little attention. At the eastern part of the room, those present discerned a dense cloud, it seemed to be composed of phosphorescent particles, but looked like a silvery halo of light. At first, it seemed to have a dense vapor-like appearance, and to be in form nearly like a globe. Soon, however, it commenced to elongate, and assumed the form of a human being, standing on a beautiful pedestal. The phosphorescent lights in the room became partially extinguished, and the angel visitant just formed, presented truly a remarkable appearance. Not a word was uttered—the attention of all seemed directed to this personage that had just made his appearance. We will pause here and describe him: There was a majesty about him that defied comparison; a sublimity in his appearance that extended far beyond the grandeur of the poet; an expression of wisdom gleamed forth from his countenance that reached far beyond the highest conceptions of earth's children. There in solemn grandeur he stood, holding in his hand a cross, but saying not a word. Then he gradually disappeared; but almost instantly another cloud appeared, and a personage, with a reckless expression on his countenance stood before the eyes of the eager crowd, and near him was perched a cock, evidently foreshadowing something that would occur in the future. Then disappearing, another character, with shrewdness and cunningness manifested in every feature, holding in his hand thirty pieces of silver, was presented. He soon passed away, and then it seemed as if the angel world had made its appearance, for then another scene, transcendently beautiful and grand, rises up. The cloud fills the whole of the eastern part of the large room, and finally arranges itself into a large table, with twelve persons engaged in a repast. The company were mute with astonishment. Even Jesus could not interpret these symbols, although they foreshadowed marked events in his career. When this passed away, they were greatly astonished to see Jesus himself, to all appearance, presented from that cloud. There he stood before them, and also in their midst. They comprehended their position, and watched the representations with interest. There he stood for a few moments, his countenance lit up with a smile of love, and his features seemed radiant with a gaze that foreshadowed a

brief but glorious career. He then seemed to recede from their view, growing larger as he passed away, until in the distance, he had assumed the full stature of a man, his head falling upon his bosom, and his forehead rising in grand proportions,—he was indeed majestic. This scene seemed to indicate his early departure from the home of his parents, and that they would not see him again until he had arrived at manhood. This scene was truly grand, and foreshadowed many important events in the career of this remarkable personage, although none present could interpret the meaning of the symbols given. The appearance of Jesus in this halo of light, was the last of this class of manifestations, given at that time. Now to the patient. Jesus stands by his side. Near him is a mug of water. Again the pattering noise is heard, and the water is soon impregnated with certain medicinal qualities, and the poor man was bathed therewith, feeling at once the invigorating properties thereof. Again all is quiet, and the same pattering noise is resumed in the water, and another character of medicine is made, that the patient must take internally, and which finally cures him.

There was grandeur in the early history of Jesus. His mediumship was of that character that the angel world could present those symbols that foreshadowed future events,—project them on the atmosphere, where they would remain for a certain length of time, like a mirror suspended in a room. These images were generally formed with a phosphorescent cloud, and could be made to assume any required shape, or represent any personage or scene. Phosphorescent clouds can only be formed within the sphere of the emanation of the medium. Outside of that they could not exist. This emanation of the medium is the atmosphere in which phosphorescent clouds find temporary life, just as essential to their existence as the atmosphere is to ours. They are not extracted from the peculiar emanation of a medium, but from the animal life that is within the atmosphere. It has been demonstrated by one learned chemist on this mundane sphere, that there are untold myriads of animals in the atmosphere,—a fact fully realized by the wise sages of the Spirit World. These animals are highly charged with phosphorus, and it is by collecting and condensing, as it were, untold millions of them, that phosphorescent clouds are formed through the instrumentality of which the representation of various characters is presented.

Certain personages in all ages of the world have seen what is called ghosts. One entered the tent of the ancient Roman General Pompey, and predicted the failure of his warlike enterprise. And, indeed, the whole Roman Army, it is said, at one time, precisely at 12 o'clock at night, saw a ghost. A ghost may be a phosphorescent cloud formed to represent some particular personage, or it may be a spirit that has found a medium, the emanation of whose body is of that character, that it can extract therefrom an organization as previously explained, which is visible to the material eye. Here, for example, the medium is sitting. Within the radius of his sphere is the constituent parts of his whole body. A spirit is standing within that emanation. Now, mark the progress in the process of the formation of the new body. The particles of matter that compose the sphere of the medium, are naturally attracted to the spirit,—just as naturally as certain chemicals dissolved in water, will cluster around a wire. The particles composing the bones, gravitate to the place designed for them, for bear this fact in mind that the whole physical organization blends harmoniously, and the emanation thereof, we designate as the sphere of any person. No sooner does a spirit step within the sphere of a physical medium, than this process, in the night time, commences; for bear this in mind, that light will dissipate the form thus created, as readily as the hot rays of the sun will dissolve a drop of water. Now, some appear to entertain the idea that these physical manifestations can be carried on in the daytime, as well as at night, not understanding those laws that govern the formation of a physical body from the emanation of the medium. It would be utterly impossible for a spirit circle to form a phosphorescent cloud in the day time. They could not then condense any element sufficiently for that purpose.

We find untold grandeur in the early history of Jesus. The angel world knew the incidents of his early life, understand all those characteristics that distinguished him, and are perfectly familiar with all trials through which he passed. The scenes alluded to as occurring at one of his scenes was strangely prophetic, and though no one present could interpret them, they made a deep impression on the mind of Jesus, causing him to anticipate his own future life. There was Judas with his thirty pieces of silver, and Peter who denied his master at a certain time designated by the crowing of the cock. And then the representation of Jesus increasing in size as he receded from view, foreshadowed his early departure. In our next, we shall again advance on disputed domain, unveiling the true character of God, and showing the source from which we derive our information in regard to the early history of Jesus.

THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS—OLATHE.

We continue to bear good reports from Mrs. Ballou in Kansas. At Olathe, she created considerable excitement among the Hell Believers, Infant Demonstration Advocates, Blood Purifying Devotees, and those who sit one minute, and pray the effects thereof away the next. She sends us from that place about thirty new subscribers. We rejoice in having a medium wherein we can reach old orthodoxy in Olathe.

The *Worrier* thus speaks of her efforts:

A Mrs. Ballou has been lecturing in Olathe for a few days past on modern Spiritualism. She is a talented lady and an entertaining lecturer. She has been greeted with large audiences and all who have heard her seem a little pleased.

Mrs. Ballou will be in Weston, Mo., on or about the 25th of April. She is now on her way back to Ill., and desires wishing her services in this State or Indiana, call address her in care of this office.

THE ALLEGED DISOBEDIENCE OF
ADAM.

From Moses' statement, Adam was not accountable to any moral law or command, not being a moral agent. At the time of the alleged command, Adam did not know right from wrong, or good from evil, and could not be amenable as a moral agent, to any moral law. The absurdity of the command is shown by the fact that the Lord must have foreknown that any such command could not be obeyed, for lack of the requisite knowledge of good and evil. This absurdity is further seen by two other facts. First, that such command forbids what was absolutely necessary, by its results, should take place, viz., it cured their blindness and made them mortal agents. The 22nd verse of the 3rd chapter of Genesis, discloses the views of the Almighty upon that act of Adam, and is conclusive that in His view, that act of Adam; instead of being "a fall," was a high exaltation and dignified condition.

But old theology may say that all Christendom believes otherwise, and always has so believed, and that it is arrogant impudence and hostility to doubt the correctness and authority of their belief. Let it be so said, what then? Is it the amount of belief in numbers that can transform falsehood and erroneous belief into absolute truth? And if so, would not the numbers be unbelievably more than counterbalance them?

In this stage of our examination, it appears in good time to inquire what has become of the dogma of "original sin." A belief may be entertained that it is falling into the gulf of oblivion.

The Scriptural account of the creation is the fundamental creed of religious belief in Christendom, in the articles of "Adam's fall," and "original sin."

These two articles, untrue as they are, lie out of the question in their creed or belief (as they must be) will be in due course of time and, its events, leave old theology totally destitute of any foundation upon which to build their religious theories.

A belief in them and in their threatened consequences, may produce fear, not love or reverential respect, and is not necessary for the promotion of good moral conduct.

It is not compatible with true ideas of the attributes of infinite knowledge, power and wisdom in the Almighty, to threaten any one with punishment for his conduct, because it would be too near like revenge, like arbitrary man, who threatens because he lacks the store of attributes.

"God created all things."

"God governs all things."

These expressions may be regarded as self-evident truths. They have proverbially grown into a settled maxim, not to be disputed or doubted. If, then, God created all things, and if He governs all things, are not all things rightly and wisely governed?

Music Hall Meetings.

The Spiritualists of Chicago, who for several months past have confined their meetings almost exclusively to the conference, commenced last Sabbath evening a new course of lectures at Crosby's Music Hall. H. L. Clayton, Esq., of this city, delivered the address. Good music was furnished, and a large and appreciative audience assembled, who listened attentively to the speaker's exposition of "Spiritualism, and its philosophy." Spiritualism was succinctly defined, and its aim and object set forth at considerable length.

A minute history of the Fox girls and their connection with the movement, together with some interesting incidents and experiences, that had occurred in the presence of the speaker, were related. Then followed an exposition of the various phases of mediumship. The speaker showed how the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, sustained modern Spiritualism.

It was superior to ancient Spiritualism, because of prayers, and a higher civilization in our day and generation. This fact accounted for its rapid growth in the past twenty years.

All the popular objections to Spiritualism and its advocates, were thoroughly sifted and answered.

The speaker also predicted that if the church persisted in denying and rejecting the fact of spiritual intercourse with the unseen hosts what little strength and vitality remained in it, would eventually die out; in other words, there was no permanent middle ground between Spiritualism and Atheism.

Spiritualism was the real anchor to the soul. It filled the soul with the highest hopes and loftiest aspirations. It was the only thing that could "rob death of its sting and the grave of its victory."

It came not in pomp and parade, but like the gentle dove as an emblem of peace and a joy forever.

Men and Women are prone to do Good as
sparks to fly upward.

A great change is taking place among the Spiritualists. That indifference in regard to reading and circulating newspapers that was manifest in the past, while many were chasing the phantom—a religious organization—an "American association,"—has been superseded by active work on the part of each Spiritualist, in inducing people to subscribe for newspapers and to purchase books. It is being pretty generally understood that Spiritualism is a system of philosophy, to be studied and learned as we learn any other system of philosophy and science; and that the same freedom of thought should be maintained, independent of all creeds, dogmas, resolutions, or systems of faith, in the least intended to bias the opinions of the investigator from his or her free and unbiassed judgment.

As organization for the construction of school-houses, and the maintenance of institutions of learning are necessary,—so organizations for the advancement of the science and philosophy of life, spirit communion, are necessary—nothing more.

We feel to realize this great truth; more and more, from every day's experience. There never was a time when all were united as now, in introducing the *JOURNAL* into new channels. Subscriptions beyond all precedent are being sent in daily by most of our old subscribers and those who have but recently begun to read our paper, say that they are so well pleased with

it, that we may count on them,—not only as life subscribers, but as life workers, to give it a wide circulation.

Having great confidence in God's nobilitas as we said in the beginning, so we close—men and women when unbiased by old theology, are prone to do good, as sparks to fly upward.

Ohio Penitentiary.

The daily *Chicago Tribune* in a recent issue says:

There is a paper published in Chicago called the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL*, which, unlike the remainder of our daily and weekly publications of all colors and sizes, is, we fear, a very trifling heterodox. At least, if orthodox were to be regarded as pointing due north, as one half of it certainly did during the war, we should expect the *RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* to point south. But the Warden of the Ohio Penitentiary evinces marvelous discernment and fidelity in issuing the special bullet-fax communication, forbidding the contents of this semi-religious journal from contaminating the assassins under his charge:

"This paper is not admitted into the Ohio Penitentiary. The men to whom it is addressed is here for the murder of his wife, and I do not wish to have him still further corrupted by any such publication as this. Please discontinue it."

—H. BURR, Warden.

This Mr. R. Burr, warden, will be likely to have a bigger job on his hands than he calculated upon when he assumed the authority of Pope of Ohio, and issued his bull excommunicating the *JOURNAL*. If he continues to refuse to allow the paper to go into the hands of the men to whom it is directed, we will see by what authority he assumes censorship over the press. If he has the authority claimed by him, then the boasted doctrine of freedom of the press, is a failure, and any petty official can interpose his *ipse dixit*, and all papers may share the fate of ours. While he attempts to serve old theology, some other ignoramus will by the same precedent assume to give it a thrust.

Spirit Messages.

We have been requested to publish two messages, one from a lady calling her name Olive, the other from her mother, who gives her name as Mrs. Hoyt. There is nothing in either to serve as a test, unless it be in the names. The messages are common-place, and yet we are willing to publish them, if we are advised by reliable authority that persons bearing that relationship, that those names were known in this life, and that they have passed to the spiritual plane of existence.

At Harris,

Late of Whitehall, Mich., has moved away to some place unknown to the post master of that place. He owes for this paper since the first of May 1869. We regret that it is true that there is occasionally to be found a man who will cheat a printer out of the money due for the paper of the week. There is one consolation in such cases—the thought, what a very mean man he must have been, if he had not had the reading of our paper! God knows we wish its good effects had been more perceptible.

Dr. M. W. Hathaway.

It is with pleasure that we call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the above named successful practitioner. Dr. Hathaway in many branches of the healing art surpasses any other healing medium we know of. His certificates of wonderful cures will be reported from time to time, giving the names of parties to whom reference can be had as to their authenticity. We recommend Dr. Hathaway as worthy of patronage.

Mrs. H. R. Jefferson and Mrs. E. Hudson, please give P. O. address and oblige!

Literary Notices.

REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT LAND. By Maria M. King.

The above work is what its title indicates, a full and lucid description of Real Life in the Spirit Land, and is eminently well calculated to please and interest. On the sixth page of the *JOURNAL* may be found an extract from this book, entitled the "Pauper's Resurrection," which will be read with interest. Mrs. King is one of the finest inspirational mediums, and her writings bear with them that polish which indicates the high order of influence that controls her. The following is the table of contents:

The Experience of an Unknown One: A Mother's Story; Children in the Spirit World; A Council of Ancients; A Chapter in the Life of a Poet; The Pauper's Resurrection; Condition of the Depraved in Spirit Land; The Inebriate, Gambler, and Murderer in Spirit Life; Courtship and Marriage in Spirit Land; Incidents of Methods of Teachers and Guardians with their Pupils and Wards; Passages from the Experience of Napoleon Bonaparte as a Spirit.

MAN'S RIGHTS, OR HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT? Compiling Drama. By Annie Denton Chidgey. For sale by the author, Washington, D. C.

This work is well written, and is intended to illustrate the conditions of society, if men were transferred to the kitchen and wash tub, and women took their places in the senate chamber, and the various responsible positions in life. It is written in a fascinating style, and is eminently well calculated to please both the opponents and supporters of reformatory movements in behalf of woman.

LIFE IN THE BEYOND. By Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore, Md., Medium.

This little pamphlet contains an intensely interesting account of Benjamin Peters' life from childhood to the grave, and from the grave to his present condition in spirit life.

Mr. Smith, the medium, through whom this communication was given, is a gentleman of unblemished moral character, and is universally respected. He is now in his seventy-fourth year, yet has not a gray hair to mark the sands of time.

This work will be read with great interest, and the statements made therein cannot fail to excite thought.

COMPARISON OF ORTHODOXY AND INFIDELITY. By Dudley Wilets. Washington, Iowa.

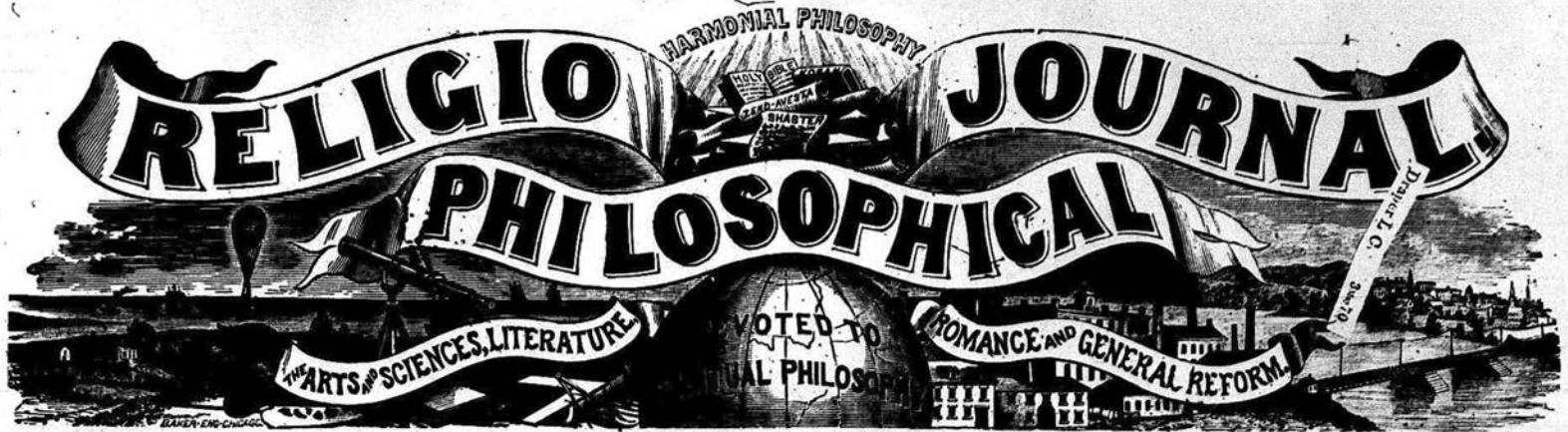
This is a pithy little work, comparing orthodoxy with infidelity, and is well worthy of perusal.

THE RADICAL for April is replete with interesting reading matter.

The argument pro. and con. with an inquiry into the Origin of Evil, with a review of the popular notions of Hell and Heaven, or the State of the Dead. Price (twenty-five cents, postage two cents). For sale at the Eclectic Philosophical Journal Office, 129 So. Clark Street Chicago.

Vol V 25 M

1. The first of these is the fact that the
2. The second is the fact that the
3. The third is the fact that the



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E. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, APRIL 16, 1870

VOL. VIII.—NO. 4.

Literary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

OUR MISSION.

BY WM. W. STOCKWELL.

We are pilgrims on life's journey,
Passing through a world of care.
We have each a holy mission,
We have each a cross to bear.
Earth is not our home eternal,
We are brief sojourners here,
To a blissful home in heaven
We are ever drawing near.

Time is fleeting, time is precious,
Every moment we should use.
And in life's great field of labor,
We the better way should choose.
If we keep the path of merit,
Time will cover us as snow,
Merit wins the highest heaven,
Merit wins an angel's crown.

While the golden hours are flying,
We will guide the erring here,
We should end the sigh of sorrow,
And the lonely hearted cheer.
For as fast as time is fleeing,
We are ever homeward bound;
We shall pass from earth to heaven
Like the angels to be crowned.

'Tis for us to help each other,
All our talents to unfold,
Caring for the soul's high welfare,
More than Mammon's hoarded gold.
'Tis for us to guide the children,
To the highest joys in store,
And their happy lives unfolding,
Lead them to the shining shore.

If we have fulfilled our mission,
At the great All-wise designed,
All the soul's high powers unfolding,
Growing great and good and kind,
In the land of the hereafter,
Whither all in life are bound,
We shall first and love forever,
With the joyful angel-crowd.

Toll and care no more oppress us,
Pain and grief will not distress us,
Woe will trouble us no more,
We shall leave earth's darker shadows,
Through celestial fields to roam;
We shall first and love forever,
In the soul's eternal home,
Spearville, Ind.

THE QUAKERS.

Their Early Trials in Puritan New England.

From the Friend, published in 1840.

For the honor of our countrymen let us not believe that the law of death against Quakers was easily obtained. The people needed preparation. The pulpit was the press of that age, and the church power controlled it, as does the money power in these times. An intelligent witness of their movements declared that "he who could not whip and persecute those who differed from the rulers in matters of religion, could not sit on the bench, or sustain any office in the commonwealth." How much the people's common sense of justice was perverted by the ruling power, we can learn from the fact that the judges who condemned to stripes, imprisonment, and death, were elected by the people.

John Norton and the other leading ministers of the colony first petitioned the general court for a law to punish Quakers on pain of death. In the aristocratic brand of court of assistants, there was no difficulty. They passed the law to punish by death even without a jury, and as county courts three magistrates only sat. But the popular branch—the deputies—were of different minds. These were then twenty-five in number. A portion of them refused to sanction a law so contrary to common justice and their charter, and by which a majority of three might hang at pleasure. Yet it passed 13 to 12, the speaker of the house of deputies voting against it.

The minority, thus strong, resolved to enter their dissent upon the record; this the ruling power feared, and contrived to insert the clause, "to be tried by a special jury," to make it popular. Yet were the dissenting deputies much distressed by the measure, and particularly one Wozzard, who was sick and absent, and who wept for grief when he learned the result, saying he would rather have crept on his hands and knees to court, than such a law should have passed.

This act is a legislative curiosity; about as much so as the charter of the first bank under our present constitution, and some later charters. It begins with the preamble, "that whereas, no one hath a right to lord it over man's consciences," &c.; and under this species declaration of equal rights, stands as great an outrage of all rights of person and property, as the administration of it was as cruel as the provisions were derogatory to just and democratic legislation.

This contemptuous enactment greatly excited the Quakers; and within one year, two of them sealed their testimony against it with their blood. Marmaduke Stephenson was in youth an humble ploughman in Old Yorkshire, in England; and while on a certain time in 1658, he walked after his plough, the power of the living God as he declared after his condemnation, so filled him as did ravish his heart; and the word came to his conscience, saying, I have obtained a prophet unto the nations.

At the appointed time Stephenson was set before him as the place to which he must go; and without delay he made ready to depart; and

bade farewell to his kind wife and four tender children; for the last time, for the Lord had said he would take care of them; and he took passage for the designated island. Here, whilst at his master's work, he heard of the Massachusetts law to put his brethren to death, and his heart burned within him; and finding a vessel bound to Rhode Island, he went thither. And here, whilst he visited the seed which the Lord had blessed, the word came to him a second time, to go to Boston with his brother, William Robinson, who had come there as a merchant, from London, and to do business.

But scarcely were the two arrived in Boston, when they were seized and imprisoned; as also one Nicholas Davis, who had the temerity to come from the Plymouth patent into the charter limits. Mary Dyer, also, who came from Rhode Island to see and encourage these prisoners, was herself imprisoned with them.

At the next court of assistants these four were sentenced to banishment on pain of death; and two days only allowed them to free the jurisdiction from their hated presence. Mary Dyer and Davis returned home; but the other two, being bound in spirit to remain, went down to Salem to build up their friends in the faith.

But their movements were narrowly watched, and they were soon brought back to Boston, and cast into prison; and in less than a month Mary Dyer returning, was cast into prison also. And thus the charter government had in their custody three persons whose lives, by the Quaker law forfeited; and all sober and moderate men regarded the event with intense anxiety.

It was on the 20th of October, 1659, that they were brought before the court of magistrates to receive their sentence. Governor Endicot then presiding, first ordered the officer to place off their hats (these Quakers hats were as disagreeable to the charter authorities as the tenets); he then said, as no punishment hitherto could keep the Quakers away, and although the court did not desire the death of any, yet they must now give ear and hearken to their sentence. Five Robinson desired to read divers things which he had prepared, which he had not left the jurisdiction, but his request was refused.

The paper was published after his execution, and was in substance, that, being in Rhode Island, the Lord commanded him to go to Boston and testify against the rulers there, and to offer his life for the truth. He did not hesitate to obey a child believing it became him to show his obedience to the Lord; and that at the time of his banishment on pain of death, he was still under God's command.

The sentence pronounced on him was this: "William Robinson, you shall be led back to that place whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and be hanged on the gallows until you are dead"—and he was taken away.

The governor then said, "Marmaduke Stephenson, you are at liberty to speak." But he, seeing how Robinson had been treated, was silent; but after sentence he thus addressed the court: "God be true, I am a guilty man for the same day that ye put the servants of the Lord to death, your visitation will come, and you will be accounted forever. If you put us to death our blood will be upon your own heads. Take warning, then, in love I exhort you, before it is too late, so the curse may be removed, for the Lord hath spoken it, and will perform his word upon you."

Mary Dyer next received sentence, to which she only responded, the will of the Lord be done; she seemed even joyous, and said to the marshal, as he offered to take her away, that he might take her alone, as she would go back to prison without him. I believe you, Mrs. Dyer, said he, but I must obey my orders.

Seven days after, these three were led out to execution. A multitude attended, anxious to learn the end; still doubtful whether their free charter rulers would proceed to blood. But when they saw the strong body of horsemen moving in front and two hundred foot soldiers in the rear of the prisoners, with drums near them, to drown their voices if necessary, many became sad.

Mary Dyer, it is true, could not denounce the woes of guiltiness upon her destroyers in bold and solemn strains, like her companion, yet in this death scene she manifested the superiority of her sex in patient suffering. She was now turned of sixty, a widow, and a mother of pious sons and daughters, settled in Rhode Island; and to her companions she appeared as a mother, holding each by the hand as she walked to the gallows between them, and strengthening them by her example and her words. She said, "that now was her greatest hour of joy, that tongue could not describe the sweet influence and refreshings of the spirit of the Lord which she then felt." Indeed an eye witness said that her deportment confounded her enemies and astonished the beholders, and as we are constrained to confess that here she arises in his mighty power to be avenged on all his adversaries, suffer not as an evil doer, but for Christ. I charge you all that you mind the light of Christ which is in you, of which I have testified, and for which I offer my blood. But Robinson's earnestness and strength seemed to irritate preacher Wilson, who stood by and said, "but your tongue, man, you will die with a lie in your mouth." As the rope was placed about his neck, and he saw that they would have his blood, he said, "now are ye manifest," and was waving off.

Stephenson was also waving off, earnestly protesting that he suffered for no crime, but for

conscience sake, and his last words were, "this day shall we be at rest in the Lord." These executions were on lecture day, that great day of council during the first charter.

When Mary Dyer saw both her companions hanged before her, she also went freely up the ladder. There they put the latter about her neck, secured her clothes, and a cinder her face with a handkerchief, which Wilson lent the hangman; and as she was about to swing off, a voice came as from the crowd crying, at a stop, a reprieve, a reprieve, the woman is acquitted; and it was so; her life was saved at this time by the intercession of her son; which plainly shows that Endicot and his counselors had power over the lives of their fellow citizens.

In the mean time, Mary Dyer's purpose was not shaken. She seemed to hesitate; and with the rope yet about her neck, she declared that she was willing to suffer like her brethren there before her, unless they would repeal their wicked law. But as the people began to cry, "take her away," she was conveyed back to prison; from whence she wrote to the court, the next day, that she did not wish to receive her life from those who were so wickedly bent upon the blood of her friends. "I choose to die rather than to live as from you, as guilty of your innocent blood," were her own words. But notwithstanding this, they saw fit to send her home, at their own charge, hoping to see her face no more.

But they had to deal with one of the most remarkable of recorded martyrs, for in the following spring she returned, and appearing openly, they were constrained to notice her. And when she was brought before the court Endicot said, are you the Mary Dyer sentenced here the last court? And she said, yes, I am; and when he told her that to-morrow she might be taken to the gallows, she replied, "thou saidst this before. I came here before to warn you to repeal your wicked law. I am upon the same work now." Take her away, take her away," said the governor. On the following day she was led out to execution, guarded by horsemen and soldiers as at the former time. When she was put upon the ladder, and prepared for execution, it was intimated to her that if she would recant she might save her life. "Nay," said she, "I cannot for in obedience to the will of the Lord God I came, and in his will I am faithful to death." "What," said they, "will you be guilty of your own blood?" "Nay," she replied, "I come to keep you from blood guiltiness—repeal your unrighteous laws against the servants of the Lord." They asked her if she would have the prayers of the elders. She said, "I know never an elder here." "Will you have any of the people pray for you?" desired the prayers of all God's people; and being now ready to depart, she signified the same to the executioner, and he swung her off, and she died without a struggle. "She hangs like a flag to warn all Quakers," said a church partisan.

Short Sermons on Scripture Texts.

BY WARREN CHASE.

"And in the midst of the throne were four beasts full of eyes, before and behind." Revelations, 4th and 6th. Verse 8th adds:

"And the four beasts had each of them six wings about him, and they were full of eyes within, and they rest not day or night, saying, holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

This is the most wonderful display of devotion we have in the whole word of God. These beautiful creatures must be great ornaments in heaven near the throne where God sits enthroned, and listening to their praise. The writer says further on that they had harps and a golden viol, and they fell down with the elders before the Lamb, which we suppose was also a beast, from the fact that we never knew a lamb to be anything else. The Revelation part of the word of God is so full of wonderful and marvelous stories about heaven and the strange creatures and things they have there, that we lose all desire for a residence among the elders and horrible beasts all covered with eyes within and without. The phalanx of wrath and trumpets of discord, and horses and bloody riders, make us turn away to some more congenial society. Some of our Bible worshippers tell us that much of this book of revelations is figurative, and perhaps it is, all so, as one can tell us what the points are, nor what the things represent. It might as well have been left out with the apocalyptic books; when it was once voted out by the infallible council that gave the sanction of Holy Scripture to which a majority voted for, or apocryphal to those that did not get a majority vote. If there could be one more such council, with power to decide on the word of God, it might leave these things near the throne, and consequently near the elders, or make some other improvement, so that it would be a tolerably decent place of residence for those who do not wish to carry on agriculture in the next life; but I think it is represented by those who have taken a Scripture "peep" into it, that it is the most useless place, as well as most undesirable of any they have described to us, not even near the throne or Satan's kingdom.

Now if God could write such a book as Revelations, beyond our capacity to decide, or how any sane mind can call it more or less than nonsense, is what we can see. If John, or any one else, such a vision must have been a delirium, or a very badly deranged stomach, and slept unconsciously and wrote his dreams.

So I do not get up to heaven, but the wonder is, that it was ever voted into the Bible by any set of men, however ignorant. But as it is in, it is good for texts and nothing else.

For Glass windows were used for lights in 1180. Colored glass was first used in 1250. Tallow candles were first used in 1250. Spectacles invented by an Italian in 1240. Paper made from linen, 1320. Woollen cloth made in England, 1341. Art of printing from movable type, 1440.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

MINING.

BY MRS. H. E. POPE.

How oft when the shadows of evening,
Are settling o'er mountains and dale,
Come thoughts of the loved ones,—the absent,
Who long ago passed thro' the vale.
And the songs that are singing in heaven,
Float quietly down unto me,
And bearing us up at the eve,
Their beauty and glory we see.

They've passed from the earth, but we heed not
Their absence so long as they come,
And speak to us gently in whispers,
Of their beauty and glory in home.
They've gone from the form, yet they linger
Near loved ones they left here below,
Some day in the future we'll meet them,
And all of their happiness know.

When the curtains of night close around us,
And stars are shined out from our view,
Remember, we live in their story,
And all of our love vows renew.
Their presence but makes us the stronger,
To battle for truth and for right,
They help us to scatter the darkness,
And shadows of man's mental night.

We're glad that the Infinite Father
Will let them return to our sight,
For the hopes, that would otherwise falter,
And even be shrouded in night,
Spring up strong in our hearts as they tarry,
And we'll wait for the time when we'll meet them,
At home on the evergreen shore.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

KANSAS.

Wonderful Tests—Spirits Seen, Described and Recognized.—Exhibition of Clairvoyant Powers.

LETTER FROM MRS. ADDIE L. HALLCO.

DEAR JOURNAL: Having recovered from several days of indisposition, occasioned by over work and exposure, from which effects I became unfit for duty; I have resumed labor in this growing, promising and fertile valley of the great West—Kansas. After diverting my second course of lectures in Savannah, Mo., to crowded houses, I started down the Missouri Valley R. R., stopping a day at Weston, at the home of one of the faithful workers, Dr. Grammer, M. D. Then I went to Olathe, Kansas, where I delivered a course of lectures to large and enthusiastic audiences, who, crowding us out of the court house, chafed us to stay in a large and more commodious room. Though the weather was inclement, we were still greeted with large audiences, and succeeded in getting up considerable excitement. Indeed, have not failed to "wake the Nicodemuses" wherever I have been.

From Olathe, I went to Gardner and gave two lectures, returning to speak on temperance. The Methodist church being used by the temperance society, was filled with eager listeners, many of whom would come out to hear me speak there on temperance, who would not elsewhere on Spiritualism.

There was, however, some prejudice, too apparent to be mistaken, and when I took my place in the pulpit and opened with the accustomed formula of prayer, the surprised curiosity on the faces of many who have no doubt been taught the infidelity of spiritualists, was quite amusing. Their prejudices, however, did not prevent my speaking, and then we left them for the Southern Valley, Fort Scott, where I have already given five lectures, and are to give two or three more.

We held our first meeting in the court house, which being further denied us, have taken the hall of the "Free Religious" people, and having it more than packed, for there is not standing room for all, and many last evening, came and went away, not being able to get in.

After closing, the Baptist minister came and took me by the hand, expressing his warm approbation of the "noble sentiments" that had been uttered, and that really all his church were present, and were not hurt, I guess, by describing and depicting spirits at the close of my lectures since coming into Missouri. At Oregon, several, but now absent from my mind. At Savannah, many, among which was a boy and girl together, school children. There was a dark looking man with a rope around his neck, and from description was recognized as a man who was lynched for the murder of the children. Though he now, as he has several times before, insists that he did not do the deed, and says that he was severely tortured by his captors.

Another youth appeared as having been drowned, and was recognized, as also were others.

At Fillmore, I described from three to ten spirits each evening. They were all recognized. Among them was a Catholic priest, "Father Confessor" of a lady present, who was killed on the rail road some time since. Also described many others. One evening, a gentleman living some four miles away, came, and if I could see the living, and not present, to which I replied in the affirmative, by describing a friend who wanted to come with him to the lecture, but was a little afraid of the opinions of others. I described others of this neighborhood, &c., &c.

At Olathe, I said to a gentleman coming forward, I saw a little golden haired girl beside you, giving a minute description, &c. He replied, "The better description of my little girl than I could have given myself."

To Mr. —, I said, "I see a stream running in a certain direction, describing locality, and saw to the left I saw two men conversing from the woods, looking at their shoulders some person,"

the circumstance you will recognize." Did not remember I till going home, told the sudden remembrance came to him of a thing while in the army, and drowning to all appearances, but was rescued by two comrades, who carried him on their shoulders to camp. Also described the spirit of a young man, killed by Quantrell's band—recognized by manner of death. I gave also many delineations of character to the amusement of all, and many life incidents, &c., &c.

At Fort Scott, a soldier, a spirit, to his mother—told of getting hurt across the back by a fall before going into the army. Minute description with his words of cheer.

"Yes," said the soldier's mother, "it is all so,—its my dear boy who went away during the war and never came back again!"

I gave many other tests, some were quite young, a large poisonous snake winding about your limb or foot, were somewhat frightened afterwards.

He said, "When about ten years of age a large snake passed over my foot, it was killed by my father who said it was a copperhead."

To another: "I see you standing in the door of a blacksmith shop early in the morning when you were quite a lad. You had run away from where you were then living, stopped here, and was kindly received."

He replied, "I did run away when a boy and stopped at your dwelling."

To another: "You got a severe fright when a boy, which lasted you some time. I see some one pursuing you. You ran and hid."

He said: "When nine years of age, I was frightened by being pursued repeatedly by the cook on a boat, who threatened me with the carrying knife. I ran away and hid."

I gave many other tests, some, probably, more and better as illustrations of clairvoyance than those given, within which are but a meagre and brief synopsis of a very few, still fresh in my memory, for strangely these are fitting visions to me, and sometimes are forgotten before I leave the hall.

But our beautiful faith is growing, and will be known and understood all over the wide world. A day or two since, I listened to many interesting incidents, given me by an intelligent Italian of rank and culture, in which he said that through correspondence with his brother and sister in Constantinople, who were both evident Spiritualists, he had received beautiful poems, written through the mediumship of an ignorant, illiterate woman,—of herself unable to read or write a sentence.

His sister was for a long time annoyed by the apparition of a woman, who frightened her, and caused her to dream frightful dreams. She at last wrote her brother to know if he could not advise her how to escape the unpleasant encounter, while yet the letter lay upon her desk, she received one from him, though one thousand miles apart, saying:

"The woman you dread will no trouble you no more."

The spirit never appeared until while on a visit to this country. Some months since, she came to her kindly, and pleasantly, and I was not troubled by her, but only to say that I will not annoy you again."

Thirteen years ago, his mother having been constantly ill with rheumatism, and unable to walk, was induced to visit a man who made instantaneous cures, by some power invested in him. He was skeptical and laughed with incredulity, when, after laying a bit of paper upon his wrist and trying it on with a piece of string, the man pronounced him cured. At the time for his accustomed chill, he went as usual to his bed and awaked it and the attendant lever, which never came again.

So the Old and the New Worlds are joined in the good work below, and linked also to the Angel World beyond the silent river.

Were not my letter already too long, I should tell you something of interest belonging to this locality and state, but next week you may look for a bit of this kind of gossip, in which I shall give you a description of the "boring well" here, and some other things.

I send you a number of names—not quite so many as from Olathe. I hope that the JOURNAL may find other canvassers everywhere among all our lecturers.

From here I go to Weston, Mo., stopping at Spring Hill, en route.

Fort Scott, Kansas, April 1st, 1870.

Spiritualism.

From the Weston, Tex., Lecture.

We heard Mrs. Wilson's lecture last evening. She discoursed generally on spiritual philosophy, her particular theme being the immortality of the soul. Whether we agreed to her propositions and deductions or not, we must say she was interesting, though her lecture was not new to those who have given attention to such subjects.

If we understand the theologians, she differed from them in claiming that proof of the immortality of the soul may be found outside of revelation—in nature itself, if we place ourselves in perfect sympathy and accord with it. She reasoned from the undecipherable of matter and of every extension, holding that what exists at any time must continue forever.

She reasoned that what is called superstition which is universal, proves immortality; and then contended that the scriptures were filled with proofs of the spiritual philosophy.

And said she had heard and seen evidences of the return of disincarnated spirits, that she was a clairvoyant and medium, &c., &c.

We have not time to say more. The citizens will be offered an opportunity to hear the lady to-morrow morning and evening.

Miss Caroline Godsey, the "sleeping girl," eleven miles from Union City, Tenn., is still living, and, as usual, arouses and rouses snoring snoring slumbers, eleven times in twenty-four hours. Twenty years have passed since the man shone upon her.

REMARKS:—This is but one of several hundred, the same import. The world loves truth, and do we, however unsalutable it may be to sectional bigotry.

CALANUS, IOWA.—F. S. Dickinson, having recently traveled in the South, says:—“Did I not be-
lieve that I was in the South, I should have thought
some Southern chieftain had made me a speech
about the colored people? Some epigram-
matic comment among them of first acquaintance,
said do good, and, perhaps, cause them to in-
vestigate.”

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Magdalena.

By The Author of "Media"—The Mad Actress—The White Slave—The Spectre Rider—The Bivouac.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE WING.

Gulford Crafton sat in the reading room of Barnum's hotel, Baltimore, intently perusing the news.

"By the rates, lose or win, since I am here, I'll try my luck," he mused.

Then casting aside the paper, he left the hotel, and hastened down the street, his mind all ablaze with the illusion of the money lottery, golden schemes. He soon entered an office, and proceeded to select among numerous packages of tickets, which lay scattered round in wealthy profusion, in quest of a prize. It was when in the act of paying for what he had selected, that he more particularly noticed the handsome vendor, who stood at the counter in an easy attitude, smiling blandly.

"Why, Ketchum Goldy, can I trust my eyes? Yes, as I live I believe this is indeed you. Well, this is a go. Right here under your eye and the last in my thoughts."

Shaking hands warmly, Ketchum remarked, "Yes, Crafton, I believe it is I, or that is, what is left of me."

"And in the same old business?"

"That same!"

"But, indeed, I must say Goldy, you have a splendid establishment here—a fine display, really," said Crafton looking round.

"Heigh ho! what's that?"

"Private. Walk in and receive a few select friends here you know, to crack champagne and joke. Come, try some good old burgundy."

"Ha! I thank you. Never, never, refuse a good offer you know, Ketchum. But, really you have things in good style, I like this. But how come you to leave the city of plecty so precipitately, eh?"

"Did you not hear? They are too hard on a man there. The 'hard shell' notions of law and reform of some of those pious iron clads there, will yet turn the place upside down. The fact is, Goldy, I was compelled to leave. They bled me of about seven thousand dollars."

"Those pious iron clads?"

"The same. I thought they had enough and I left. But come, try the flavor of this." They again filled their glasses.

"This is good, Ketchum—excellent—in perfect keeping with your really tasteful arrangements here."

"Depend upon your compliments, Gulford, and try another glass."

"Thank you, Goldy, quite sufficient. This evening, perhaps, if you are not engaged, I will pass an hour or two with you."

"Come and welcome—shall be happy to introduce you to some new friends."

"Oh, man, save me, save me, I am pursued by a mad man who is bent on taking my life. Save me, hide, conceal me somewhere," was cried in tones half-frantic by a man breaking in upon them wildly from the street. They instantly turned, and gazed with surprise upon the haggard intruder.

"Ha! ha! ha! Curran Le Roy de Chermion. 'What! did you run from the mad man like a coward? When did you escape? Ha, ha, you ought to be put in a strait jacket. You are dangerous decidedly, flying about in this manner, startling men in this way! What do you mean by it? Laughed Gulford Crafton in derision, on recognizing the person before him, on his late 'stunt' of 'Escapement'."

"Goldy also joined in the merriment, and said, 'Well, well, let him come on who ever he may be. He will have to be a most desperate enemy indeed, to harm you now in the midst of friends. But who is he? Who is your wild mad pursuer, Chermion?'"

Chermion now eagerly assured of his position in their esteem, replied, "The fact is, again in the company of boon companions, I will make a clean breast of the whole affair."

"Chermion, come, before you proceed with your recital, join us in a social glass of good old burgundy."

"Gentlemen, in a happy to participate. Very early this morning, I met in mortal combat, he who was once my friend, but is turned to be my mortal enemy."

"Who?"

"Linwood Suffolk. We met at—"

"Chermion, you are mistaken," Gulford interrupted. "Linwood Suffolk is supposed to be drowned."

"True, 'supposed' to be; but allow me to say, sir, that though overboard, and in deep dark water, he escaped, though narrowly, and this morning I met in duel the 'supposed' deceased."

"Well, and if so, what was the provocation?"

"He essayed to unbuckle his mind to me in relation to his late troubles with his lady love—the gay Grace Ellsworth. He, of course, naturally enough lauded her highly, while I, for a little fun hinted that she was coquetical, and that, perhaps, he would find out that her virtue was not quite as impregnable as he wished to believe. In a flash, he raved like ten thousand furies, and dashing his upbraid glass of wine into my face, hissed that I should prepare to prove the falsity of my words, rounding up the sentence with an epithet neither gentlemanly nor polite. Still not deterred by this, such was his uncontrollable rage, that, gritting his teeth savagely, he attempted to strike me in the face with his clenched fist. Before I could retaliate, I was pinioned from behind, and for the time we were separated, to meet again more in accordance with the code of honor. We met with pistols. I, as you may have guessed, and he I believe is not killed. But he is so terribly incensed against me—he seems bent on having my life."

"But he is not in Baltimore, is he?"

"I believe he left Philadelphia in hot pursuit of me, and if we meet, what shall I do? I do not want the man's life on my hands. But he is desperate."

"You are out of your reckoning, Chermion, at any rate—come, let us take a walk down the street. If we meet the desperate fellow, I'll stand by you," said Wilton.

They were passing arm in arm down Baltimore Street, when suddenly they could avoid him, they suddenly stood face to face with Caleb Ellsworth, father of Grace.

"By Jove, what's up now," Crafton ejaculated. "Can it be that the old man has grown suspicious, and is following me. Well, I must brave it out."

As they approached, the old gentleman recognized Gulford with a smile which imparting to him some assurance, they shook hands heartily, and the latter enquired:

"What brings thee to Baltimore, friend Ellsworth?"

"Friend Gulford," the old man sighed. "Sad misfortune brings me thither. I am in quest of my poor child, Grace. She was last seen, I am told, in the cars for this place."

"Must be a mistake, friend Ellsworth, the last I saw of Suffolk, he spoke of going to New York."

"New York," repeated the old man with dismay. "The prodigal, let me be got hold of

him. I'll, I'll certainly make an example of him."

"But, friend Ellsworth, you do not think the dutiful Grace accompanied him?"

"As a last goodbye, I fear it is too true, and that ere this my lovely boy has fled."

This utterance failed him—he could say no more on the melancholy theme.

They parted. He in the next train for New York, and Crafton and Chermion chuckling passed on, arm in arm, gaily down the street.

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Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

All letters and communications should be addressed to S. H. JONES, 119 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XVI

**THE REAL CHARACTER OF GOD—HIS
NATURE UNVEILED.**

Where the source of our information in regard to Jesus—Science goes where the eye can not see, not ears hear, nor telescope survey—All things are engaged in writing their own history—The Sensitized Plate of Nature an illustration that unfolds a grand truth—The Diffusive Mind of God, one source of supplies—Psychometry explained—Why should all lead pure lives—A gem from Emma Tuttle.

The spirit circle who are imparting the information in these series of articles, desire to say a few words in reference to that philosophy, through the instrumentality of which they have been enabled to glean certain facts connected with Jesus and other Biblical characters without consulting them, or any associated with them during their eventful career on earth. In advancing on disputed domain, there are certain clouds that obscure the intellectual gaze of those who are inclined to doubt in reference to the truthfulness of the things stated. In this article, then, we shall enter into details somewhat, in order to remove the rubbish that is now obstructing our pathway and throwing a halo of darkness over our efforts, rather than light. The speculative philosopher, above all others, should attempt to clarify, as it were, every position he may assume, and demonstrate the same, making it as plain as this theorem in Geometry, that the square described on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, is equivalent to the squares described on the other two sides. That individual who enters out on mid ocean in the dark hours of night, when the clouds obscure the light of the twinkling stars and silvery moon, has by his side the faithful compass, and through the instrumentality of that, he expects to be able to avoid rocks and shoals, and cope successfully with winds, tides and storms. It is no new thing for science to venture where the eyes can not see, or the ears hear; where earth's children have never trodden, and which to us is one dark eternal night. Stop! child of earth. Behold that comet, the winged messenger of the celestial spheres. It is now in its apheion, and is holding converse with the sun, while it waves a long tail of light, as if wishing to salute the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. There it is! The eyes can see it; the ears can almost hear its musings, as pendulum like, it swings to and fro in the heavens. How majestic! How grand! Whether a child of the sun paying homage to its parent, or a production of nebulous matter in the regions of space, or a part of a star which seemed to burn up a few years ago in the regions of the constellation Andromeda, or whether it was brought into existence, as Old Theology says God did this earth, it is not in our province in this article to discuss. But there are, perhaps, a hundred millions of people who see it,—who witness its unrivalled splendor, and wonder when it will disappear. There is grandeur there in that comet; yet out of the hundred millions who see it, who can point out the pathway it will follow, the course it is destined to pursue. Ah, he that can do that is truly wise—yes, he who can do that, seemingly has entered within the infinite mind of God, and can read therefrom all its peculiarities. Stop a moment and consider this! Did we say that he had entered within the mind of God, and read his inmost thoughts, and learned the destiny of that comet? With its first construction was a design, and then the path it should follow was marked out, and the children of earth have felt the delicate pinpoints of immortal Mother Nature within their soul, and read therefrom the path that comet will follow.

With slate in hand, the mathematician surveys this eccentric child of heaven; and with his angles, tangents, logarithms and circles, he marks out the course that it will pursue for a hundred years. Out of the one hundred millions who survey this comet, perhaps one hundred can trace the path it will follow—to the remainder of earth's children, the nature of that calculation is enshrouded in a dark cloud, and they can not understand it. Thus it is with all things. There are certain pioneers, whose brains are massive, thoughts clear, views comprehensive, and intuitive nature keenly organized, who can venture on disputed domain, and to them the prospect is clear. It is the same on the super mundane spheres; there are those whose minds are towering and whose comprehension of things seemingly knows no limits—they venture on disputed domain, and make it clear. In this series of articles, we are taken where the children of earth have not been, and where many can not go. The mathematician can follow that comet among the stars, can tell where it will go for a hundred years hence, for he understands the laws that govern it—so can we who have the early history of Jesus under consideration follow his life from the cradle to the grave, with the same unerring certainty that the mathematician would trace the course of a planet in the heavens. There is a divine law connected with this. All things are engaged in writing their own history; the air is full of sounds; the ground is all memoranda and signatures that speak to the intelligent. The whole universe is one vast volume,—within that book is the history of all of earth's children. There is truth in the statements of Old Theology, that there is a Recording Angel, but it did not understand anything in reference thereto. Pen and ink do not record the life of each one, but there's an element in existence, that we call the "Sensitized Plate" of Nature, that records every act of our life. We briefly alluded to this in a previous article, and now we desire to enter more fully into details, in order to convince our readers that what we give expression to in regard to the early history and development of Jesus, is really true. The sensitive plate of the artist will receive your image; but as first imprinted thereon, it is a confused blur, but by a delicate process, it is developed and made complete in all its outlines. This you admit and understand. Now, this is only a faint idea in regard to that most beautiful process of nature in recording the acts of mankind. The same element that exists on the sensitized plate of the artist, exists, dear reader, throughout all nature, and therein is engaged in recording our very thoughts, with the same regularity that the best chronometer watch will tick. Please, then, bear this in mind, that when you discover a characteristic of one element of nature, you have unfolded something that pervades every nook and corner of God's vast universe. There are only sixty-eight primaries as yet discovered, and they are interblended in harmonious action. And, if you discover the peculiarity of one element, that peculiarity extends all the rest,—it can not be otherwise. Now, we know that certain conditions exist whereby your image is projected on the sensitized plate of the camera. That element through the instrumentality of which the artist accomplishes this feat, is limitless in extent, and diffused throughout all nature, it is far more sensitive than when controlled by man, and therein it is constantly engaged in recording our every thought and deed. This discovery by Daguerre was but little understood in his day. It was regarded with wonder when first brought out; but the grand truth it revealed was not understood.

Look at that little babe, a bud from the parent stem, just ready to pass over the shining river to bloom forth again in the arms of an angel mother. Tears are shed; moans are heard; and the parents' hearts are almost broken at the prospect of losing their cherub child. This Sensitized Plate of Nature records that scene—and endless ages can not wipe it out. Look at that battle. Valorous hosts are contending for mastery; the blood flows in rich crimson currents; officers are running hither and thither giving orders to the contending armies. The wounded send forth piteous moans; the surgeons to adjust the broken limbs, or close the wounds to prevent the flow of the blood of the brave soldier. All is tumult! What a ghastly spectacle! Yet this Sensitized Plate of Nature records it all. What it does on a small scale for the artist, it is constantly doing throughout the infinite regions of space. Go where you will. Seek the dark chamber of licentiousness and prostitution, and press to your lips the low and vile, within whose soul there is a festering canker that you should endeavor to cure rather than to add to the pangs of the disease, and that act is indelibly recorded by this Sensitized Plate of Nature. Steal from your neighbor; malign his character; abuse those whom you should love and respect, and this faithful monitor stands ready to read it all. Indeed, it is a Recording Angel. It is a vast library which contains the lives of unnumbered millions of earth's children. Ah, ponder this well, children of earth. Your deeds live after you. Your history is known to the angel world, and you can not conceal it.

Knowing, then, that there is nothing that exists that is not a component part of the vast whole, we then prepare ourselves to recognize the truthfulness of what we have stated. Why, a history of the late Rebellion could be written, all its secret history too, gleaned from this Sensitized Plate, if the angel world desired it. This is, indeed, a wise provision of nature, for it impresses mankind with the fact that there is a no-fig, an element throughout the universe of God, that receives all the passing events of our life. Some truth, then, in this, that our deeds live after us; that they will always exist and nothing can annihilate them. Now we will advance a step. We only used the Sensitized Plate of Nature, as an illustration. We are now prepared to show you something of the true nature of God. We regard this Sensitized Plate of Nature as the Diffusive mind of God.

for while our own mind takes cognizance of our acts, of our own thoughts, and all the scenes that may be imprinted upon the retina of the eye, this Diffusive Mind of God takes cognizance of the same also, and therein they become living pictures. There is grandeur in the idea that God knows all things, and that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Well, dear readers, such is the case,—this Diffusive Mind of God chronicles all things, takes cognizance of all things, records all things in the same manner that your mind records the passing events of life. Your mind is a part of the Diffusive Mind of God. (Re-read our articles on life, mind, motion etc.) Your mind records all that comes under its special notice. And as the Diffusive Mind of God is everywhere,—is infinite, it naturally receives the passing events of life,—just as naturally as the retina of the eye will receive the scenes that may pass before it. Here, then, you have the Sensitized Plate of Nature, the Diffusive Mind of God, and that Diffusive Mind records all things, and when the spiritual vision is opened, and you can discern spiritual things, you will recognize scenes rising forth psychometrically which are only impressions made on this Diffusive Mind. The impression made on your own mind, and that of this Diffusive Mind of God, are simultaneous, for the mind that you possess lives, as it were, in this Diffusive Mind, the same as the physical organization lives in the diffusive physical universe. Now, we desire to render our pathway clear, in order to carry conviction to the mind of the general reader in forthcoming articles, for therein we shall simply make statements given to us, that are transmitted to our mind, and which are historical in character, and will be of great interest. These thoughts are not the fragments of a disordered brain, but thoughts that emanate from the Spirit World, and which we merely transcribe, and allow us to say that ten pens could not transmit them to paper with the rapidity that they are given to us.

The idea, then, entertained by the various orthodox churches, that God knows all things and discerns the various thoughts of our mind, and that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, has a good foundation on which to rest. This Diffusive Mind (first called the Sensitized Plate of Nature, simply for illustration) of God takes cognizance of all things, for it is infinite,—it pervades all space, the highest mountains, the deepest caverns, and the most distant stars; but the way the same is done has not heretofore been correctly understood. In discerning spiritual things, then, or those events that have been recorded, we only recognize that which has been transmitted to this Diffusive Mind of God; and as nothing can be obliterated from our own mind, so nothing can be obliterated from this Diffusive Mind of God, from which our own is derived.

Haller relates an incident of his life that is worthy of note. When entering a room once, he saw on the table before him a little child. Years before, a child that had just died, was laid on that table, awaiting to the description which he gave. Now, it had not only made an impression on the minds of those present, but also on the Diffusive Mind of God, and Haller read from it what he saw. As spirits can read the very thoughts which exist within the mind, so can they describe those scenes and events that have been transmitted to the Diffusive Mind of God.

A British general took with him after the revolutionary war, a negro, who could read the events transmitted to this Diffusive Mind of God. He was assigned a back room in which to sleep. Strange to say, there would rise up before him a woman with a child in her arms, and also the man who killed her,—in fact she told full details of the horrid plot. His master paid no attention to what he said, regarding his statements as the result of the delirium. Having occasion, however, to remove the hearth of the fire-place in the room, the remains of a woman and a little child were found buried there. Where that murder was committed, the Diffusive Mind of God was also, and took cognizance of everything connected therewith. Ghosts, then, are not in all cases such, but are merely the images of things that actually occurred, and which have been transmitted to the Diffusive Mind of God.

Puny relates the case of a lady who would occasionally see a young girl dressed in white, and, ghastly pale, pass her window, proceed to a bridge, and jump therefrom into the water. Years previously, a lady rendered insane by the imposition of a scandal, had dressed herself in white, and passing by the lady's window, had proceeded to the bridge and drowned herself. She was exceedingly sensitive, and could read from this Diffusive Mind of God the scenes that suicide transmitted to it. Well, this is grand. God really does know all things, for they are transmitted to his Diffusive Mind. Even the very hairs of our heads are numbered.

Now, everything connected with the early history and development of Jesus was transmitted to the Diffusive Mind of God, and will always remain there, and there are always certain characters in the spirit world that can trace the same, just as easily as I can read from a printed book. We have endeavored to make our way clear, in explaining one of the most abstract subjects that has ever existed.

Ponder these thoughts well. They are not a bed of down on which to repose and drink in understandingly the truths which they impart. You must think and reflect, and ponder well in your own mind, the lessons we wish to give. The world has but few thinking minds. They are the pioneers of progress. They clear the way for the advance of humanity to a higher plane of existence. They remove the obstacles that obstruct the grand army of progress, and forth with there springs up flowers whose incomes is heaven-born, and which will render all things more pleasant and agreeable. We aim to impart an important lesson; to teach grand truths; to unfold new laws, and prepare the way for the advancing hosts. Upward, then, is our mission. And while we hold in one hand philosophy, presenting the dazzling splendor thereof to

hungry home, we would hold in the other suf- fering humanity, assuage their troubles, ani- mate them with new hopes, and prepare them for a work in the distant future that those, who reveling in pampered luxury, can but poorly understand. We feel, then, devoted to hu- manity. Our pen shall breathe thoughts that burn, words that will cut, and give expression to sentiments that will assume large proportions in defense of truth and right. We would ex- hort all to live true, noble, pure lives; and while doing any act,—whether in the dens of floren- tinian vice, or in the magnificent parlors of pam- pered vice, the Diffusive Mind of God is there, recording all you may say and do. Let your life then be devoted to that which is pure and noble, and the faithful monitor that exists through all space, will not rise up in after years to reproach you for it. Life is brief; but a day, seemingly, and one of continuous struggle, but in that struggle ever remember that as a link in the mighty chain that binds together the throbbing heart of humanity, that you must as- your part with reference to the interest of the rest, ever remembering, that as the glorious sunshine,—the genial air,—and the sparkling water are free to all, that the world's goods that you have accumulated, are only for you to act as agent in the dissemination of good. He who accumulates wealth and acts miserly there- with, is an unfaithful steward, and we here say that that unfaithfulness is recognized by this Diffusive Mind of God, and in after years will re- proach you for it: Mrs. Emma Tuttle, whose soul is a garden flowers on which the music car- rol, and whose nature has a vein of beauty with- in it sparkling with angelic gems, only reflects her own true self in the following verses, and we gladly give them a place here, where, diam- ond like, they can throw a brilliant halo over our exhaustion, and render more beautiful and grand the moral lesson which we wish to impart.

KEEP A PURE HEART.

Come let us sing together
As leaves sing on a tree;
When throng the airy branches
The wind pipes merrily.
Let us repeat a lesson
Our angel guides impart;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

We learn a loving spirit
Will beautify the lace,
And fashion every contour
To suit angelic grace.
While angel thoughts and feelings,
Will spill the brightest eyes,
And send the living channels
Through steeped in rosy dyes.

Each child may make his spirit
An angel, clad in clay
And do an angel's mission
To others every day.
How many bleeding gashes
His little hands may bleed,
How sweet the ways of heaven
Thus placed before mankind!

Oh, who would covet brilliant
To glitter on his brow?
Or who will empty honors
That all the world may bow?
Since well we know the reason
Our angel guides impart;
That he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

Then let us join together
And try with all our might,
And earth's darkness and turmoil,
To keep our mantles white,
To think and do no evil
To hurt no venomed dart,
For he shall be most blessed
Who keeps the purest heart.

We shall continue the discussion of this sub-
ject in our next, rendering our position still
clearer.

A WONDERFUL TEST.

Wm. Vickers, a resident of Olathe, Kansas,
writes:
"You doubtless remember the last time you were
here, you spoke to me of some wonderful spir-
itual manifestations. Since that time, I have
devoted considerable attention to the matter,
and have learned much in regard to the modern
manifestations from the invisible world."
Recently, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou visited this
place, and at the close of one of her lectures, she
politely invited any one present to come forward,
and have their character delineated.
I being of this number, she called me forward, was
called upon by those present to come forward for
that purpose. She gave me these tests: De-
scribed a fall which I received when a youth
and the character of the injury it produced, and
how it had effected me ever since.
She also gave an account of the death, age
and complexion of a little child of ours, as ac-
curately as my wife could give it.
Her tests were wonderful! Verily, E. V. Wil-
son has a rival.
I write this without the knowledge of Mrs.
Ballou, desiring to give credit where it properly
belongs. She advanced many new truths while
here, of which I have been a great benefactor.
Her lectures were a complete success, and her
tests opened the eyes of the orthodox portion of
the community somewhat."

Mrs. Mary Bloomer writing from Oregon,
Mo., says:
"I wish to commend to your numerous
readers, that Mrs Addie L. Ballou, that highly
inspirational and gifted medium, gave five lec-
tures in this place to large and appreciative au-
diences, thereby stirring up much thought among
the people, and sowing seed that will spring up
and bear fruit in the future."
Mrs. Ballou will soon return from Kansas and
Missouri, and will answer calls to lecture during
the summer months anywhere in Illinois, In-
diana or Michigan. The tests she is now giv-
ing are truly remarkable, and are winning gold-
en opinions for her from the press and people.
Her lectures in Kansas were well received.
The friends of the cause will keep her em-
ployed. She can be addressed in care of this
office.

CONNECTION.

In giving a brief synopsis, in our last issue, of
a lecture by H. L. Clayton, at Crosby's Music
Hall, our proof reader makes us use the follow-
ing sentence: "It [referring to modern spir-
itualism] was superior to ancient spiritualism,
because it was a higher, higher civilization in
our day and generation." It should read: It was
superior to ancient spiritualism on account of
progress and a higher civilization, etc.

AARON S. CLEVELAND.

Writes that he is traveling in California, referring
to his home in Iowa, but forgets to tell his post
office address. He must telegraph my brother
Cleveland, at Chicago, for my address.

DALLAS CITY, ALL-INQUIRER.
The correspondent giving remarkable manifestations at the above named places, will please give his name and refer to parties witnessing the same, or we shall consider the matter as emanating from a lying spirit—in the form, and consign it to the waste-basket. *Truth sears no mark, boots at no man's shrike, seeks neither place nor applause; it only asks a hearing.* See our motto at the head of first page of the JOURNAL, and forever hereafter remember it when corresponding with this office and we consider it a good rule to follow at all times. We shall be most happy to hear from the correspondent referred to. It is a remarkable case, if true, which we shall be happy to publish. If false, the writer has his labor as a compensation for his pains.

MODES H. PRIDE.
Gives his experience in regard to certain spirit manifestations, so called, in his neighborhood, and asks our opinion.
We can only reply in general terms, "Try the spirits." The philosophy of spirit intercourse is so little understood that we would not like to give our opinion unless we were fully advised of all the facts in the case. It is often the case that much of the medium's mind and eccentricities is mixed with a partial spirit control, and yet such mediums may at length, by judicious influences, be developed to a high plane of mediocrity.

"UNCERTAIN DEFECTIVE LIGHT."
Spiritism is making some stir in Melbourne, Australia. A periodical started to diffuse its teachings is very properly called the *Glow-Worm*. We can think of no more fit cognomen for a journal diffusing such uncertain, defective light, unless it be *Worm of the Wisp—Christian [Advent] Times*.
"Uncertain, defective light." Well, be it so. Uncertain and defective though it may be, Spiritism has shed a thousand times more light into the human soul, in regard to the future state, than Christianity, Mahomedanism, Buddhism, and all other phases of religion combined.
Second Adendum.—old theology goes to seed, with hell's blue light blown out! Well, that will do for those who love darkness rather than light.

M. C. CULVER.
Has moved away from Manterville, Minn, indebted for the JOURNAL. Will some reader of this notice, please advise us of his present place of residence.
Mr. Culver will perform an honorable act, that justice demands of him, by remitting the amount he owes for the JOURNAL, without delay, and say farther notice. "Honesty is the best policy," and should be practiced by Spiritualists without exceptions.

ORANGE ORANGE SEED FOR FENCING.
Can be procured any day, delivered by mail free, with full directions for cultivating, on receipt of 75 cts. per pound. Address J. C. Bundy, 119 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

WESTWARD HO!
We were especially surprised by a friendly villager from the noted healer, Dr. D. C. Blake, who hails from Rochester, New York. The Doctor, aided by his spirit band, has been implicitly successful in cultivating human selfishness. His many friends in the West, will be glad to know of his return.

Those in arrears for the JOURNAL should remember that small sums, justly our due, should be promptly paid.

ORANGE ORANGE MEDICINE.
It is no longer a problem to be solved that Orange Hodge is the cheapest and best fencible for all prairie lands. There is no difficulty in cultivating the hedge from the seed. In three years time, so as to make a fence that will protect the enclosure from all animals from the size of a rabbit to the largest of domestic animals.
Now is the proper season of the year for every farmer to lay in sufficient seed to build all the fences he wants.
Full instructions for preparing the seed and the grounds will accompany each package.
Any quantity will be furnished of the very best quality [new seed gathered by Dr. A. Pitts, of Maco, Texas, during the last year, warranted to be of the very best quality], will be sent by mail in four pound packages postage prepaid, on receipt of \$3.00.
Address J. C. Bundy, 119 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.
Friends who donate money to Brother Austin Kent, had better send it direct to him, and he will acknowledge receipt, and from time to time report to the public through the columns of this paper.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. R. S. Miner, in a letter to the *Age*, speaks of Thomas Hardinge, of Sturgis, Michigan, as follows:
"I would also speak of the labor of Brother Hardinge of Sturgis, just entering the lecturing field again, through the instigation of his spirit guides. He is organizing circles, destroying mediums, healing the sick, and exemplifying by precept, the teachings of Jesus. We had the pleasure of listening to an inspirational discourse, delivered through his organism last Sabbath, and for depth of thought, earnest and concise manner of utterance, bear witness, if ever, heard it surpassed by any speaker."
E. V. Wilson will lecture in Mazomanie, Wis. on the evenings of the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st of April, 1870.
George L. Converse has been in the city during the past week. He is a young man possessing fine mediumistic qualities, and is destined to make his mark in the world. We predict for him a brilliant future.
Mrs. Orrin Abbott, a fine developing medium, has removed from this city to Peoria, Ill.
Good reports continue to come in from Mrs. J. M. Wilcoxop, who is now lecturing in Texas. Wherever she goes, success accompanies her efforts and great good is accomplished for the cause. In a recent letter she speaks of a medium being developed, in whose presence writing is performed without contact of any human agency, greatly moved about, bell rung, matches instantly ignited, loud raps made, a perfect shower of telegraphic clickings, tines bent out, lights appear,—all with out any visible assistance.
M. M. Tenney lectured at Lockport, last Sunday. Will lecture at Janesville, Wisconsin, on Sunday next. He is doing a good work.

BE THYSELF.

Reported for the Journal by Henry T. Childs, M. D.

INVOCATION.

LECTURE.

There is an idea that stands forth sympathetically with certain minds—go forth with your nobilitization, and so shall humanity be blessed through your endeavor.

Latimer did a work that Theodore Parker could not have done. Thus we find that spheres differ, according to the demand and the nature of the individual, will be the labor. Each reformer, then, has answered the demand of the age at the time in which his ideas were given, and so the work of the past has gone on.

a cure for all the evils by which you are surrounded or tempted. You ask where in that world? The world has sought for it, but it has not been found. And where are the cures brought forth what they call cures for evil; but these have produced no visible result. The world has sighed in its sorrow, and has said: where is the cure for evil. Suppose we ask the question enough to be heard through the sea. See how the world has looked to answer our question. It has been the belief of the various nations and religions are received very differently. Another comes forward and says, if you would be guided aright, come to our church,—the Catholic church is the only one that teaches the right way. Another comes forward and says, take the teaching of Luther, the founder of the Protestant Reformation. Another says the Baptist is right; another, the Methodist.

But we say no church holds in itself the cure for all the evils. We know they are all doing good in their own way, but there is no one that we do the whole. When you go into a large manufacturing and there at all the wheels look alike, and there is no one that is different from the rest, and that is not as necessary to have so much machinery; at each wheel has an office to perform,—each little cog has its work to do. Suppose one of

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
He saw the Manifestation, yet could not
utter a word.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

SPIRIT PICTURE

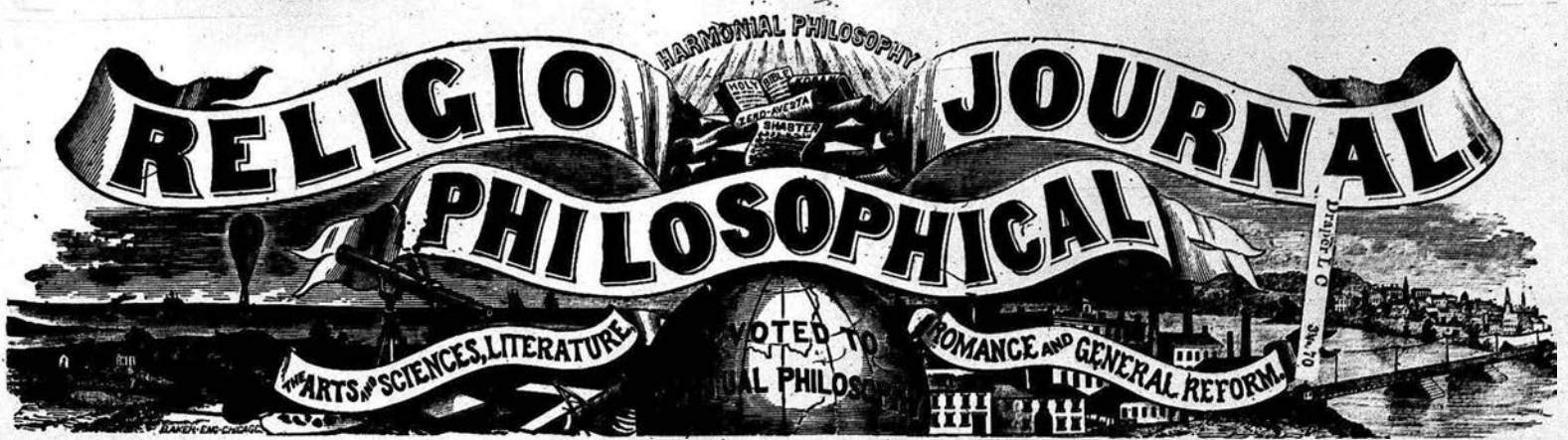
was an evening long to be remembered, for the dear home influence which pervaded our little circle, and made our cot a heaven to the dear ones assembled there, both in and out of the form.

Minnesota City, Minn.

. HARWOOD G. DAY.

H. R. CLAUSSEN.

■ About 12,000 patents a year are granted to about 19,000 applicants in this country. In England the patents average 4,000 a year.



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Death means no more, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 23, 1870

VOL. VIII.—NO. 5.

Literary Department

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE FORSAKEN.
BY JULIA R. DICKSON.
God of heaven, look thou kindly
On the one who walks blindly,
For there is a demon watching
Striving with all power and art
First to mold her to his passions
And then cast her out forever
From his home and from his heart.
Oh! ye mothers who have daughters,
Homes and comforts, do not fail
In your efforts and endeavors
To protect the wanderer ever;
For she is a sister woman
And has passions like the human,
Will you spurn her from your heart?
You may say I have a mission,
To my own and to no other;
But, my sister, is that human?
Can't you open wide your heart?
Can't you see the angel weeping
O'er that sad and sister woman?
Oh! I pray you, set your part!
Stand up nobly, tell her kindly,
She shall wander and no more,
You will be a sister to her,
With an open heart and door,
Angels watch you, angels bless you,
Strengthen you, and ever help you
While you walk upon earth's shore.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE ORIGIN OF THINGS.

Interesting Communication from Mrs. F. C. Myers.

BROTHER JONES:—I trust you have not come to doubt my faith in the reality of "Spiritual manifestations," because I have for so long time failed to report from my portion of the field of labor. I would assure you that I consider even the one phenomenon, the *Re-vojo* Phlogosorin, as a spiritual manifestation, quite equal to the demonstration of the fundamental propositions of the spiritual philosophy. "All that I believe, or know, or idealize as true of God or spiritual communion, finds as ready a demonstration to my senses through one fact of life as through another."
I cannot understand how the soul or mind of man can come to acknowledge an all controlling, indwelling, omnipresent Divinity, or infinite perfection of love and wisdom, and not acknowledge and realize as well, that every form or fact of visible life is a medium of revelation, a physical manifestation, a living, genuine exponent of the science, philosophy and religion of spirit communion.
However delightful and healthful to the mind and soul it may be to stretch the ideal wings of being in search of the most remote and mysterious heights of observation of the vast system of spiritual communion, I cannot see such flights at all necessary for the establishment of the claims of Modern Spiritualism.
Were one of heaven's brightest, wisest angels to enter my chamber this morning, by no language which he could employ, by no symbols of thought which he could call into service, by no aura of love's holy attraction in which he could enshrine me, could he bring me more unquestionable evidence of an omnipresent love and wisdom, or of "spiritual communion," than can my little Canary bird, warbling its glad song to the radiant morning, or the bright geraniums and japonicas reaching in every leaf and fibre to the sunlight, beckon me to a morning seance with God, through their mediatorial sweetness and beauty.
If I can communicate with the spirit, the genius, the thought of Raphael, through limbo art, why not with the spirit, the genius, the thought of One greater than Raphael, through illimitable art?
Can the copyist transcend the author? Shall I say intelligence lies, and must ever lie, behind the picture of a bird, and not behind the living, breathing manifestation, of which the picture is at best a feeble imitation? Shall the picture of my friend awaken my sense of love and joy and gratitude more than the presence, warm and glowing, of my friend himself?
Have I better evidence that an organic intelligence controls this JOURNAL, than that the same intelligent cause moves forward in that wonderously beautiful "Religio-Philosophical Journal," the floral kingdom? Only through physical manifestation have I been brought into conscious communion with the spirit governing either. I have never seen intelligence, or spirit, or law, or life. I have only seen their embodiment or manifestation. I have seen the embodiment of intelligence which brought to me the Canary bird and the japonica; and I can trace both of these identities back to as remote causes—the very same cause, or cause, that I can identify called man. One will not lead me farther, or through more wonderful and beautiful relationships, than will the other.
The JOURNAL, bright and fresh from the press, as it comes before me this morning, will lead me back as far and as insurmountably into the marvellous and subtle systems of spirit communion, demonstrating the existence of an all-wise deity, or supreme mind, and the immortality of soul, as can either bird, or flower, or man.
I follow the bird through its mortal life, and it introduces me to as many relations—as many intelligent identities, as could an archangel. The introductions made to me by either would only cease with my own mental limitations of reception. I follow the bird to the most subtle conception of life, in the magnetic attractions of the parent bird, where matter needs from the microscopic lens—not only of normal

but of clairvoyant sight, because of undefinable rarity.
Thus I follow the flower; thus I follow man; thus I follow the JOURNAL. Each only presents its proportion of the infinite varieties of conditions of the same laws—all revelations of the same spirit, though differing from each other in glory. From the first to the last step with which I follow either, I am every moment in rapport with conscious intelligence, which is continually, yet invisibly, controlling ponderable matter.
I take in my hand the JOURNAL, and say to the skeptic, "We need no better or stronger manifestation than this with which to demonstrate the truth fundamental to the claims of Spiritualism." "But," he replies, "I wish for demonstration that the soul or identity of man survives the change called death, and that surviving, it can communicate with those still wearing the mortal form; and dwelling in the mundane sphere." Again, I insist that nothing opens the door more widely to these required demonstrations than this phenomenon which I hold in my hand. It appeals to my sense of touch and of sight external—a tangible, physical manifestation. Ten thousand yards of cable wound around the limbs of some poor, weary, yet patient, victim of ever so arrogant and dictatorial a blindness, called skepticism, would not be more tangible a phenomenon to my senses. Hark! in ponderable matter—self-evidently moved upon by organic intelligence; for how can we conceive of inorganic intelligence? I did not see the JOURNAL placed upon the table, but following the lead of my reason, aided by experience and observation, I commence "investigation," in search for its overruling spirit. He gives his name, through "writing media," as S. S. Jones. I have never seen him in the form of flesh and blood, but have met with many persons who being of a sound mind, in relation to all things else of a mundane nature, depose that they have not only seen the fleshy embodiment of this spirit, but under certain requisite conditions, have been able to grasp his hand, not only in broad day light, but in broad day-light.
This much by way of physical manifestation and historical data of this spirit. Next, we enter upon (the intellectual), and consequently internal circles of manifestation connected with this spirit and his favorite medium, the JOURNAL. What a search for its overruling spirit! What thoughts of spirit identity his little friends, medium, introduces me to! If I should pause for one word with each, as they come before me, my waiting skeptic would have settled the question of supermundane identity for himself, by full and satisfactory, personal experience, through demonstrations to his own senses, of his own transition, before I should get round to think of him again. I hear the shriek of that panting, beating, iron and steel muscled medium of unseen intelligence or spirit identity, the locomotive. It moves forward, impelled by the throbbings of the human heart and brain, glowing, burning, in every vein with empyrean projects from human souls—their burnished plumes rising and falling to the time of the prayers and despair of immortal spirits. Through countless varieties of mediatorial feeling—pride, ambition, competition, sweat of brain and sweat of brow, it calls me on, and still endures. It leads me to the miner in the mine, the woodcutter in the forest, the forger at the furnace, the blacksmith at the anvil, to hewers of wood and drawers of water, to architects, excavators, lawyers, Congressmen, stockholders, stock-brokers, merchants, farmers, postmen; indeed, every man, woman and child, who is in contact with the little JOURNAL, as it can prove to you, if you will give it time for demonstration. Follow up the analysis of the phenomenon, the locomotive, and lo! you find yourself in a dark circle, the only circle in which, at one stage of its unfolding, it could demonstrate to us its identity. Down in the impalpable circle of the soul of a human brain, where matter is so rare we call it imagination, I see the perfect outline of this majestic physical manifestation, the locomotive.
Thus, cause and effect is a chain, we find; Brain linked into brain, and mind linked into mind;
Circle round circle, and goal round goal;
Heart around heart, and soul around soul.
Yet, these beautiful manifestations of spirit's controlment of matter tangible, is every day moving in our midst, and men listen to its voice, and gaze upon its beautiful form, not dreaming that it is a divinely annotated prophet of the future, a revealer of the past, an annunciator of the glorious truths of the spiritual philosophy to the hungering, thirsting present. They simply answer to its voice: "The train is in;" perhaps lingering a few moments, to discuss, with smiles half contemptuous, half inquisitive, the claims of those fanatics who "would make people believe that organic intelligence can control and move ponderable matter."
When through all these media of intelligence, I at last reach the JOURNAL's circle of being, in the brain of my editor and proprietor, I am no nearer to its controlling spirit than when I started in search thereof. Like the locomotive, and every other medium related to its life, I trace it into that rare circle of matter called as an identity or imagination, where it is in perfect outline, only awaiting the motion of co-operating identities to make it to our outer sense an actualization.
From this point of our search, did mental capacity enable us to go onward, media would still multiply upon our vision, spiritual communion would still widen and extend to our perceptions and appreciations, until we should find the JOURNAL, in the brain and soul of the dwellers on the sun, as palpable and direct in

outline as it lies in my hand this morning. Nor is such a conception more transcendent, much as it may appear so, than is the simplest fact of life, the most primitive affirmation of mind to the thought of those who have never yet become acquainted with it on the plane to them the actual. The madness of one age is the sanity of the next.
Once the iron track over which moves the JOURNAL did not reach westward beyond Chicago. To day it only stops against the tides of the Pacific. In many minds the JOURNAL sweeps no further back than Chicago; in time it will be traced to the waves of the aurora around sun, to which the run of our firmament as but a glimmering star. Yet up to this dazzling circle of cause, judging by all we know of the past, by all we realize in the present, we should at every step meet with organic intelligence, every moment receive one more evidence of Spiritual communion. The throwing off of our bodies at the grave, and still retaining our identity, seems to me no more wonderful or incredible than the throwing off of our childhood forms in becoming men and women. My angel mother whom I often see in her loving guardian nearness to me, resembles the mortal form she left for her children to place in the grave far more than does one of her children the form he wore in the cradle. "In the midst of life, we are in death," or transition. Before our feet, at every step, a grave is opening to receive some one of the forms whence our spirits are ever and ever ascending and unfolding.
Yet through the rapid and constant mutations of representation, the I AM keeps its axis, and moves on in its own orbit.
Uncreated, undimmed, unbroken, 'mid the wheeling spheres,
Unwearied and aspiring through the rolling years.
Obscured by clouds and tempests to one plane of light, it shows upon another with intense light.
Skeptical admits most meekly the claims of science regarding the disposal of the spirit's many bodies, until that spirit gets its body fine enough to become utterly invisible upon the outer or mundane plane, and then ignores all past experience and analogy, and cries, "The man is dead!" simply because he has passed beyond the lens of his vision. He has not seen one of these other forms laid away, or witnessed the bursting of the chrysalis covering of the personalities who walk the earth—living, palpable demonstrations of the power of organic intelligence, to survive the transition called death.
While the attention of the skeptic to the claims of the spiritual philosophy is directed solely to specialties of demonstration, unassociated in his mind with the universal evidences of spirit communion, he will still remain the skeptic. To-day he will be the enthusiastic acknowledgment of the fact that unseen intelligence can control and move ponderable matter, because the specialties of phenomena, the expansion and contraction by unseen direction of an iron ring, clanging of music, the making of pianos, the playing upon musical instruments by unseen and supermundane agencies, has been brought before, as in contact with his senses. Yet failing to associate these phenomena with universal physical manifestation of spiritual identities, through the beautiful but simple philosophy of spirit communion, he will still remain the skeptic. Most every one, and again with renewed curiosity or derision, cries, "Give us demonstration."
Hence we see some poor, weary, worn-out representative of mediatorial matter, seized upon with renewed skeptical zeal,—his muscles quivering, his joints creaking, his countenance his faith in the agency of man, if not of God, utterly exhausted, his brain almost maddened with excited thought, and his ears still tortured with the cry of captious, bitter skepticism, or of excited eager credulity.—"Give us demonstration."
I list to the cry, while my heart doth sigh,
And my spirit doth wander.
For the glorious day when the golden ray
Of the light of the Every Where
Shall break on our sight in such splendor of
That all in its beams can share.
I know it is well for each germ to swell
Due time in the cells of soil,
To hasten its birth from the mould of earth.
The beautiful fruit would spoil,
Yet I long for the flower and fruitage hour.
To the children of struggle and toil.
Yet I am not sad,—my spirit is glad
Though weary the flesh may be;
The fields are so bright with the morning light
That I can see the land and sea;
I know every one's health that beautiful sun
Must wake the truth to see.
Baltimore, M. D. April 4th, 1870.
New Recipe.
The following is a German recipe for coating wood with a substance as hard as stone: Forty parts of chalk, fifty of resin, and four of linseed oil, mixed together; to this should be added one part of oxide of copper, and afterwards one part of sulphuric acid. This last ingredient must be added carefully. The mixture, while hot, is applied with a brush.
An instrument for determining the hardness of metals has been invented by a French engineer. It is called a durometer. It consists of a drill, turned by a machine of certain and uniform strength. The instrument indicates the number of revolutions made by the drill. From this, compared with the length of the bore-hole produced, the hardness of the metal is estimated. It is said that most metals are tested in France by this instrument.

State-Society Meetings, Conventions &c.

Proceedings of the Second Quarterly Convention of the Southern Wisconsin Spiritual Association, held at Waukegan, April 2 and 3, 1870.
The Convention was called to order at two o'clock P. M. Saturday, April 2, Dr. H. S. Brown, of Milwaukee, Vice President, in the chair. The resignation of the President, Mr. P. J. Roberts, and of the Secretary, J. M. Trowbridge, were received and accepted. Mrs. M. L. Whitney, of Palmyra, was unanimously elected President, and E. W. Stevens, of Janesville, Secretary, for the remainder of the unexpired term. By invitation from the chair, Dr. Stevens opened the Conference by some eloquent remarks expressive of our principles and philosophy, giving tone to the sentiments of the meeting, and closing by a beautiful invocation. Dr. Joseph Baker, of Janesville, followed with a brief address on "Old Age," comparing life to a school of progress. He argued that the progress of immortal knowledge shall never end. Dr. H. S. Brown, and R. B. Balcom gave interesting accounts of spiritual progress in their respective localities. Mrs. Mary Hays, of Waterville, spoke well of the cause in that place. Mr. Parker, of Milwaukee, asked, "If a man die shall he live again?" and demonstrated that "there is no death," and that "the blunted shafts of death fall harmless at man's feet." Mr. Wood, Mrs. L. M. Ellis, Mrs. M. L. Whitney, Mrs. Felton, Brothers Baker and Stevens followed, making a glorious and hopeful prospect for the coming sessions. The Convention again went to business, when the usual committees were appointed, as follows: On Resolutions—E. W. Stevens, Mrs. M. L. Whitney and Rev. Joseph Baker. On Arrangements—Dr. H. S. Brown, Mrs. M. L. Whitney, Dr. Stevens, Dr. O. Finney, John Moore, William White and Mr. Norry, of Geneseo.
The following Resolutions, after gratifying remarks by Bros. Brown, Baker and Stevens, were adopted by acclamation.
"Resolved, That this Association extends, with cordial hearts, its grateful thanks to Paulina J. Roberts, and Dr. J. M. Trowbridge, for their able and efficient services as officers of this Association, and congratulate the friends of progress, wherever they may go, on the accession to their society, of these two worthy and faithful workers in the field of reform."
The business of the session was interspersed with several beautiful songs, and closed with an interesting circle.
At seven o'clock, Vice President Brown in the chair, opened the Conference with a brief but excellent address, on the effect of Spiritualism on the lives and faith of the people.
E. W. Stevens spoke for a few moments, drawing comparisons between the religion of the present and that of the past, showing clearly the benefits of a living inspiration. The President, resuming the chair, the effect of Spiritualism which was met with a beautiful and melodious response. Rev. Joseph Baker, of Janesville, delivered the lecture of the evening. After reciting "Ben Adhem," a poem by Leigh Hunt, he announced his subject as "Truth, the Bible, and the Word of God." He drew largely from Confucius, Zoroaster, Plato, Buddha, Jesus, Thomas Paine, William Pitt and Jesus, quoting the Sacred Verses, Zenda Vesta, Shassier, Bible, and other men and books of ancient and modern times. The mission of Christ was beautifully set forth as a "Witness of the Truth." He next discussed, in his own audite manner, of the terms "Hell," "Devil," "Satan," "Sinner," with mastery skill the tones of ancient and modern lore, he finds them all written over, from preface to finale, with truth, and hence, the Word of God and Bible. He closed after an hour by saying, "I have given you my brown bread, and now let my dear Sister come with her sweet food."
Sister Mary Hays spoke entranced for about half an hour, in such sweet and thrilling words, that none but a verbatim reporter can do her justice. Her point was, all things are of God, good in their place and true to their own conditions.
SUNDAY MORNING SESSION, APRIL 3, 9 O'CLOCK.
The President and H. S. Brown led the Conference by spirited and interesting remarks on spirit manifestations and the good they have done in founding a religion. Dr. O. B. Hazeltine and S. H. Todd related some remarkable tests. Bros. Stevens and Wood gave accounts of spirit power over the appetites of men. A resolution was adopted, that the "Sinner," then followed by a ten minutes recess.
At half past ten o'clock, E. Winchester Stevens read a poem entitled "Progression," and delivered the lecture of the session, taking the ground that all antagonisms must be harmonized by the supremacy of the positive and better nature. Thus, the spiritual permeates and controls the material. God, operating in nature, develops all things by positive law, which tends to ultimate harmony and approximate perfection. So good is positive to evil and will overcome it. Science holds the reins on religion, and will so use it that what cannot be demonstrated will not be entertained. As truth is positive to error, and love to hate, virtue must overcome vice, and death be swallowed up of life. The magnetism and eloquence of the speaker held the audience for an hour and a quarter, as if spell bound. The session closed after a few minutes conference in which Bros. Brown and Stevens, Sisters Whitney, Tator and Ellis took part.
AFTERNOON SESSION, 2 O'CLOCK.
The Committee on Resolutions reported a series of resolutions which were received and discussed during the conference of the afternoon and evening with much warmth, and spirit.

The time having arrived for the lecture, "The Exorcism Show," was sung, when Dr. Baker closed a prayer and announced his subject by asking, "How much Heathen Mythology is there in the Bible?" Taking a text in Exodus 22nd chap., 28th v., "Thou shalt not revile the Gods," he entered into a learned and explicit elucidation, by reading much from the Bible and up to us, from many heathen authors of more ancient date, forcibly demonstrating the close alliance and analogy between them, calmly and dispassionately examining these facts, by dates and readings, and clothing them with burning eloquence. His influence over the minds of his audience was very great. Taking up the history of Christ, from the prophecies concerning him, to his ascension, he discovered exact parallels and similarity of names in the Buddhist record. He, however, gave such a glorious character to Christ as to completely shut the mouths of his votaries. An invitation was extended to Dr. Baker for copies of this and his Saturday evening discourse for publication.
A further discussion of Resolutions was then had by Bros. Brown, Baker, Hazeltine, Todd and Stevens, and Sisters Tator, Hays and Whitney.
SUNDAY EVENING SESSION, SEVEN O'CLOCK.
Conference was opened by H. S. Brown, who said "conference well managed are the road to mental truth," etc. Mrs. Nettie C. Tator, of Milwaukee, read a beautiful and original essay on "The Past and Present." It was a most eloquent and instructive production.
At eight o'clock, Mrs. Hays being entranced, gave the principal lecture of the evening. Her subject was "Dualism." She stated that God is dual, and all below him is dual. Every thought and every organ is dual. Referring to the dualism of the scriptures, she said every word is good because it is a symbol of spiritual ideas, and represents man's spiritual needs. Time is dual, the past, which is like a dead carcass, and the present like a living spirit. And thus with her peculiar earnestness, she dwelt on the importance of working out our own spiritual salvation by an ever present effort to be good and do good. She was re-entranced by a German physician, who made pertinent and happy remarks, asking for, and answering questions. The medium closed by a long and pathetic invocation. The discussion and adoption of resolutions was resumed. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:
1. **RESOLVED,** That the great object of the spiritual movement is the radical reform and permanent well being of the whole human race.
2. **RESOLVED,** That it is the prerogative of the human mind, freely and dispassionately to examine and investigate each and every thing in the Bible, as well as out of it; that any theory, hypothesis, philosophy, sect, creed or institution which fears investigation, openly manifests its own weakness and implies its own error.
3. **RESOLVED,** That all church property should be taxed the same as the property of individuals, to prevent the accumulation of an untaxed monopoly that may be used to take from the people their religious political rights.
4. **RESOLVED,** That the public schools, colleges and universities should admit all children and students without regard to sex, color or nationality upon the same terms, to all their educational rights, privileges and honors.
5. **RESOLVED,** That as we hold that the only infallible standard for truth is to be found in the human soul instead of bibles, churches or priests, we do more recognize individuality of character, based upon the principles of equal rights, as the only safeguard to true manhood and womanhood.
6. **RESOLVED,** That we most sincerely protest against the effort now being made to amend the Constitution of the United States, as set forth by one of the newly elected judges of the Supreme Bench, to acknowledge God, Jesus Christ and the Christian religion believing it's hold attempt for the assumption of power, not safely delegated to any particular class of religionists.
Mrs. Tator offered the following which was accepted.
WHEREAS, The universal tendency of feeling and intuition, unenlightened by reason, is to run into superstition and bigotry, therefore
RESOLVED, That we as a body recognize the necessity of a conference with a free platform, when all the truths discovered by feeling and intuition, may be discussed and weighed in the balance.
A vote of thanks was extended to the friends in Waukegan and Geneseo, for their efforts and generosity.
A resolution was adopted expressive of gratitude and appreciation for the eminent services of Dr. Baker, Dr. Stevens and Sister Hays.
We have many more such glorious opportunities.
Mrs. M. L. WHITNEY, PRES.
E. W. STEVENS, SEC.
The Shark.
It is a well-known fact that no animal is more difficult to kill than a shark. One of these monsters of the deep was captured by the crew of the French ship *Dauphine*, on its last cruise, and being brought on deck, was made fast by the head and tail. The captain then ordered some of his most experienced hands to rip it up from the lower jawbone to the tail with sharp knives, and to take out its heart, lungs, liver and entrails. This done, it was cast into the sea, and it was seen to swim with so much velocity that in a few seconds it was lost sight of. Although it could not possibly live long in this condition, it apparently swam with as much ease and energy as it did before receiving its mortal wound.—*Appleton's Journal.*

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Magdalena.

By The Author of "Media"—"The Mad Actress"—"The White Slave"—"The Spectre Rider"—"The Mivale," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

As Guilford Crafton and Le Roy de Cherbon left Baltimore for the South, Linwood Suffolk entered the city from Philadelphia. Passing along hurriedly, he was filled anon, with surprise, though sudden, yet pleasantly agreeable.

Looking up, the familiar name of "Ketchum Goldy," emblazoned conspicuously in golden lettering on a huge lottery sign board,—shook his wondering vision. In a moment he forgot his object of vengeful pursuit, and the next he was heartily shaking hands and flippantly chatting with the bland and simable lottery vendor.

"Hallo, Suffolk, my fine fellow, what in the world brings you to the Monumental City,—not seeking another moment I hope, though in the end I'm glad to see you,—and in deed so well!—Ketchum broke in bluntly and with well affected welcome.

"No, Ketchum, that's something of a grim joke of yours. Not after a 'tomb' yet, nor a 'monument'.

"Had you arrived but a few moments earlier, you would have met me."

"Indeed, I should like to have seen him, but—understanding our little faux pas at the banquet,—due more to the influence of wine than wisdom."

"All forgiven and forgotten, of course. But what brings you to Baltimore?"

"Firstly, I seek change of scenery. I still am haunted with painful self-accusing thoughts; secondly revenge. I seek, Cherman, the upstart and coward."

"Two very powerful incentives for travel, I'll allow. But you are not in haste to be gone. You'll remain with us awhile?"

"Probably,—though I can not tarry long."

"Let me propose a balm for the 'blues,' for I see you are entirely too much predisposed to melancholy. Though that was in truth a sad mishap to you and Grace, at the ferry."

"Yes, yes, I shall never forgive myself as the cause of the terrible accident. It is something I can not forget."

"A gloomy subject to dwell upon, but come! I have a balm for you, Linwood. You must dine with me to-day, and I will introduce you to a heavy of the very finest girls in our city. Then if you can not forget the sorrows of the past, I shall despair of anything but making an impression."

"Ah, Ketchum, it will require more witchery and beauty than the choicest creative heaven affords, to chase the indelible impression of my lovely Grace from my soul."

"The 'Claytons' will change you; I'll warrant. Come, 'tis nearly our time—have a drink, and then for our bower of enchantment."

"They had not walked together far, before Ketchum Goldy, Esq., raised his hat in obeisance, and bowed low to a tall well formed and beautiful featured lady on the opposite side of the broad gay avenue."

"Who is the lady, Goldy?" Linwood inquired with considerable interest. His companion smiled at his ill-concealed admiration, and answered complacently:

"Susan Clayton, eldest daughter of mine hostess and belle, Linwood, she is the loveliest woman I ever knew."

"Goldy, Goldy, this sounds strangely from you."

"Yet I repeat, Linwood, the companionship of Susan Clayton has afforded me more real happiness than before I had ever known."

"But, excuse me, please, but my dear sir, think of your family."

"All very well. I thank you, Linwood, for the timely and gentle reproach. But at length, I have learned the noble meaning of the 'congeniality of souls.' Blest thus with the sweet society of my love,—O, how smoothly and happily flows life away!"

"Ha! ha! Ketchum Goldy, you moralize finely. 'All the work of her love.' But here we are at home, walk right in."

Linwood Suffolk was soon introduced into the genial society of the Clayton mansion, and sooth to say, found the sprightly conversation and agreeable disposition of Rachael, younger sister to Susan Clayton, peculiarly attractive and winsome.

Somewhat apart from these, and impatient for his charmer's return, Ketchum Goldy sat with a faded copy of a stage play in his hand, mildly hearing and prompting in her part, a Miss Lennox, a vivacious and pretty young heroine of the drama. Soon, however, Susan sailed gaily into the room,—her eyes sparkling with real good nature, and her countenance generally exhibiting the rosy and beautiful result of her brisk promenade.

"How now, Miss Lennox,—at your old habit, eh?" She smilingly exclaimed, and crossed to where they sat. Occupying a chair left vacant on the opposite side of Ketchum, she gaily continued, "I shall insist upon you selecting another prompter, Miss! if you continue to take advantage of my absence in this way."

"Could I think it possible for Miss Clayton to take offense at these little liberties of mine, I should not request Mr. Goldy's assistance in my studies. But I have so much to do this evening,—and he is so very accommodating."

"Ha! ha! it is again,—the two roses vying together over the golden thorn between them, laughed a Miss Davis, looking up from the game of chess which she was playing with a gentleman opposite, and near the street window.

"Look at the gentle doves,—hear how lovingly they coo, and look, there's love at first sight!" She whispered to her companion, "Rachael has taken captive the stranger. Ha! bless me, it's as good as a play."

"Miss Davis had better pay attention to the progress of her own game. There is danger, as fatal as any in the game of chess. She may yet be checkmated."

Miss Lennox retorted in excellent humor, "We need not fear her wit, Miss Lennox, 'tis perfectly harmless, and I think quite amusing. See, she already blushes with regret having spoken," chimed in Susan gaily.

Miss Davis glanced at Susan, blushed, hid her lips, and then turned to Rachael, the piece on the board for another game of chess. Her companion smiled remarking:

"Two against one, is not fair?"

He seated in her confusion to replace the piece.

"All is fair in war, you know," laughed Goldy, and drew his seat nearer Susan.

A servant now approached, and confidentially announced that "a lady awaited his presence in the hall." As the servant turned away, a little boy, bright and happy, leaped upon Ketchum's lap, and gleefully exclaimed:

"O papa, mamma has come—we've been hunting all over for you, but now we've found you at last. O, I'm so glad."

Before the startled and confused parent could rise, Mrs. Ketchum Goldy, holding a cherub of a girl for her arms, stood before him smiling.

"Ketchum, still so amiable, but his face assumed successively all the colors of which we

suppose, Joseph's variegated coat was composed.

At length, somewhat gratified by the quiet lady-like deportment of Mrs. Goldy, he thought to himself, "Here's a go, a pretty kettle of fish, really say the least we can do it,—wish I was out of this."

The suppressed amusement of the witness of this little scene, at length, broke into a smile. Linwood Suffolk, though he could scarce suppress a hearty laugh, yet he keenly felt a pang of regret, that his genial comrade had been brought into the disagreeable dilemma of such a sudden surprise by his devoted wife.

Belieged thus by his children, too, though inoffensive they were, yet to what clanging and mortification was he not subject!

Miss Lennox, book in hand, and down-cast look, though filled to bursting with the sense of the ludicrous, quietly left the scene first. Reaching her room, she remembered Miss Davis words as good as a play, and casting herself on her couch, rolled from side to side, giving full utterance to her overcharged mirth in a long and hearty laugh. Joined soon by Miss Davis, together they laughed until tears of excessive mirth mingled in an overflowing fount of humor.

"Papa, mamma has come. Ha! ha! ha!" roared Miss Lennox with side-aching laughter. Last of all Susan woundled to the breast of the stricken deer, left also the scene to her, but with feelings of fearful revulsion and depression, sought her apartment alone, as best she could in a condition bordering on the verge of a mental commotion, furious and fearful as a sea of seething fire.

At length, Ketchum Goldy essayed to speak—it was as Linwood arose to leave to say—

"But you, there is no one here for you to leave us. You are my guest. Remain, and I will be with you again in a few moments,"—saying which, Ketchum took his boy by the hand, and conducted his newly arrived wife and family to his own apartment. Then returning, introduced Linwood to the ladies, and ordered dinner for four. Served in his room.

At this, Linwood could scarcely refrain from laughing at the sudden turn affairs had taken. He was joined at dinner by the Misses Lennox and Davis, and by polite gallant attention to each, he formed a pleasant and more intimate acquaintance with them.

"Who would have thought Mr. Goldy a married man so extremely agreeable to us all?" Miss Davis joked in sotto voice, unable quite to resist the mirth provoking impulse of continuing the airy gossip of the morning. "And Susan, it will almost kill the poor girl."

"Well, I suppose," whispered Miss Lennox as Mrs. Clayton just entered with the desert. "But she has a good eye for company,"—she continued adroitly drifting her companion away on another phase of the subject.

"I failed to get a full view of her ladyship," said Linwood.

"I was favored, and she is really handsome."

"His boy is a bright, pretty little fellow."

"Looks like his papa,—ha! ha! ha!" laughed the other.

"The naughty man,—yet I pitied him. He was so embarrassed, he could scarcely speak,—still, I deemed it—"

"Well, she need not have treated him so. She may have informed him of her coming."

"The men are so deceitful,—ha! ha! he deserved it all."

"But poor Susan must be overwhelmed with humiliation," Miss Lennox whispered.

"Come, we must go to her, and try to assuage her terrible grief," she concluded as they arose and left the dining room.

To be continued.

Spiritualism in Texas.

By request, we copy the following from Fluke's Bulletin:

HOUSTON, March 30, 1870.

EDITOR FLUKE'S BULLETIN.

My Dear Sir—My attention was called to a paragraph on "Spiritualism in Texas," in your edition of to-day, and I feel satisfied, from your liberality of expression, that you will afford me sufficient space to put in an answer, in defense of the cause, called so ungenerously into question by your groundless commentaries. As Mrs. Wilcoxson happens to be in town, and is desirous of acting attorney in her own behalf,—and in consideration of the fact that your notice is directed more to her individually—I shall not suppose too much on your generosity and will be as brief as circumstances permit.

I was born and educated an Israelite, and knew nothing whatever of Spiritualism until the 17th day of last April, when my attention was directed to its investigation, by persons of the highest standing, both in regard to integrity and erudition; and I am both happy and proud to say, that after having searched earnestly, impartially and faithfully for the truth,—which was exclusively given by both ocular and tangible manifestations—I come before my people—the Children of Israel,—and, if you have no objection, the editor of this paper (included), a standard and benevolent Spiritualist and its glorious revelations; ready and ever willing to help, in honest investigation, all those impartial searchers yet in darkness, who will throw away bigotry, prejudice and ignorance, and go in for tangible knowledge and facts, rather than fictions and theories.

All acquainted with the history of the Hebrews, know very well what reluctance, aversion and antagonism the Jewish people harbor for Christianity, and especially for Spiritualism; and entertaining these prejudices myself, previously to my conversion, naturally feeling stronger than mere argument must have presented itself to have wrought so wonderful a change. But sometimes truth has enemies, as in the history of Galileo and Newton, who scientifically demonstrated the world's rotation and the laws of gravitation; and the Church, or rather ignorance, superstition and bigotry, persecuted these noble and inspired men; and a lapse of many years, when science and progress had a more liberal scope and field to plow in, it was discovered that the world did move. I could relate many other cases, but do not wish to intrude, although, if a reasonable indulgence is extended by any of the press of Galveston, I would very much desire to give to the public a few facts which I feel confident will result to their happiness and welfare. Strength grows out of weakness. The indignation which I feel at this conversion, naturally grows weaker until we are pricked, and stung, and bitterly assailed. I dislike to defend myself on the beautiful truth of Spiritualism through the columns of a paper whose views are so opposed and adverse to my own, as I feel as one that lies unprotected before a hostile army; but, should I be so fortunate as to receive an intimation of a free exchange of correspondence, I feel a certain assurance of success in moderating, at least, the fire of our opponents.

Very respectfully,

LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

"A lady asked a pupil at a public examination the other day, 'What was the name of the Pharaohs?'—'Rising camel,' margin," quickly replied the child.

Card from Dr. W. Randall to the Farmers of the West.—Having been repeatedly asked as to the best time to sow sorghum grain, and as many farmers will sow the seed this year before they have experience with them, I desire to say that it is much better to wait till the ground gets quite warm and dry, as they stool much better than if sowed earlier.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A New Member in the Field.

LETTER FROM C. EMERY.

DEAR JOURNAL.—I think it is time the readers of the JOURNAL should be made acquainted with the JOURNAL of Mr. Jonathan Allen, who lives near Geneseo, Henry county, in this state. He is healing the sick by laying on of hands. He has had many cases which have been given up by physicians, and healed them in a few days—in others almost instantly. He is a man of wealth, and often receives invalids at his own home for the small sum of one dollar a day, and the poor are treated free, where, under his treatment and the care of his wife, they soon recover. When they are too ill to come to him, he goes to them—sometimes many miles.

He was a farmer, and when he first began to heal, he did not know from what source he received his power. He was compelled to go and heal the sick. After a while, he saw spirits, and then knew from what source he received this healing power. The first year, he would receive nothing for his services, and now people pay him whatever they please. He was the Supervisor of his town for several years, and received the honors of his county by being elected to offices of much responsibility and trust.

His first case was a young lady who had had fits for seven months, with the exception of five days, three of which she was with mediums. He healed her without knowing from whence his power came.

His next case was of a lady with consumption. She had had three different physicians, the last of which said that no power on earth could keep her alive two weeks. He cured her in a few days.

The following are some of the certificates he has received:

"This is to certify that I was cured by two treatments, by Jonathan Allen, from injuries received in the back, sides and hip, by a runaway team, and suffered for twenty months all the time, with pain and lameness."

WM. STEEDMAN.

The following was copied from the Geneseo Republic, JUNE 18, 1869:

"RENDER TO ALL THEIR DUES."

"Messrs. Editors.—The undersigned having been afflicted with the inflammatory rheumatism, recently, and having received almost instantaneous relief from the fortuitous consequent of that disease, and received that relief by means unrequitedly applied, generally disbelieved in, and less understood by any, I take this means to inform persons who are, or may be, afflicted as I was, that their suffering can be instantly mitigated and a speedy cure effected; if not in all cases, in some at least. About three weeks ago, I was suffering greatly with the disease named, and being treated for it by one of the regulars of the healing art, I was told by him that it would require the time of five or six weeks to effect a cure. This declaration of my physician disheartened me, and caused me to turn my attention elsewhere for a remedy. I had heard of sudden cures by 'Modern Spiritualism,' and was induced, but I felt nothing of them. I had heard that Mr. Jonathan Allen was a 'healer,' so to extent; and rather than suffer for five or six weeks longer, I consented that Mr. Allen might try his art on me. He laid his hands on parts of my system where pain was most severely felt, and, manifestly, it was his hands the parts most affected, and the result was that I was instantaneously relieved of the pain. The next day, I walked about the house, and now am well—only feel a lack of vigor and strength. The philosophy of this mode of healing I know very little about; but I do know, when I was so sorely afflicted and now well, comparatively, and this, too, by virtue of the healing powers of Mr. Jonathan Allen, who imparts without money and without price."

CLARK W. DAY.

"I, the undersigned, certify that the above statement of my son, Clark W. Day, is correct."

W. R. DAY.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Mrs. Martin's Spirit, and the Daylight at Midnight.

LYDIA H. BAKER, MEDIUM.

The change from death to life came, and with the honors due a member of the Temple of Honor, we buried our friend from mortal sleep, when a few months after, as I had retired for the night, after being disappointed in the holding our accustomed circle for spiritual development, Mrs. Martin came in the dark, and took a seat in a chair in front of me, waiting the intervening space of darkness between me and me with the beautiful rays of light that diverged out from her head. Her brain was active with kind thoughts and affectionate interest, and her presence left me only as I softly glided into a trance to receive a glimpse of the future years, but half-dimmed in their particulars, closing with the picture of a rosy spring morning, and a beautiful landscape upon which was erected a rude arbor, upon one of whose cross-beams was a human heart, as if palpating with life and interest in that dewy morn.

And with this was a return to the normal condition to find it day, and time to arise for the labors it demanded. But an interested idleness took possession, as I lay and thought of my friend and her message, which did not come to an end for some little time; then, arousing myself to the duties that lay before me, I arose to seek my toilet, when to my surprise I stood in the blaze of a large gas or lamp-light, that in moment flickered and died out like a candle in the socket, and I was left in a darkness, in which I found by experiment I could not see my hand before me. And I found the bed and laid down before the light expired, as I saw when first getting up, that the family was still in bed, and I did not wish to arise first; so that I had gotten up to dress, and laid down again without being aware it was a spirit light. I was amazed, wondering what would come next in this singular chapter. I then arose and examined the candle upon the stand on the bed,—something of a sensation, but it had not been lighted since retiring, and I lay down again to repeat the experiment of trying to see my hand as I held it before my face, though it proved as abortive as at first; and was broken into by a clock in an adjoining room striking one.

My mind was absorbed in the wonderful of this phenomena, when sleep visited me again, and the trance and its message was repeated, though not with the same vividness that pictured the grassy lawn and the rose-bushes around the arbor, and the strange symbol of a human heart pierced with one of its large cross-beams.

Lancaster, Texas.

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EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,

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All letters and communications should be addressed R. S. JONES, 187 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE, NO. XVII

THE REAL CHARACTER OF GOD—HIS NATURE UNVEILED.

The source of our information in reference to Jesus—The incidents of the past read from the Diffusive Mind of God—Psychometry explained—The Book of Judgment.

In our previous article we advanced many new and startling truths, and again we propose to continue our travels on that disputed domain which we then commenced traversing. This is our tenth article on the early history and development of Jesus, and still, as we advance, the fields grow more beautiful, and there appears to be rising up before us many things that we little anticipated. We have taught a lesson of practical utility to humanity, and endeavored to lift that veil that obscures their vision, and disclose to their view that hidden vein of eternal intelligence that is continually flowing from the angel world. These ideas are comparatively new to the public, yet we aim to present them, that they can be easily comprehended by the general reader. In the early history of Jesus, we find a systematic action on the part of the angel band who had him in charge, therefore we are able to state results with mathematical precision. There is no uncertainty in our investigation. The astronomer with telescope in hand surveys the majesty and grandeur of the arches above, views the path of those brilliant orbs, and explains the nature of all their motions. Even the eccentric comet is no sealed book to him. However quickly it darts throughout the sky, or however much it attempts to avoid the close scrutiny of man, it can do nothing that he has not recorded in figures before him. The path that comet will traverse for millions of years, is known to him. It cannot escape his mathematical vision. It can not play hide and seek with the stars, dance child-like in the face of the sun, shake its tail in the rings of Saturn, or get behind the planet Jupiter, without all its intentions being known—fate, mathematical fate in its motion, and we desire to say here, that as there exists mathematical fate in its motion, in all its wanderings among the stars in the firmament, so there is fate connected with its future destiny, and the nature thereof can be read by the wise sages of the Spirit-World, with the same unerring precision that the mathematician can calculate its size, and the course it will follow for the next million of years. The mathematician learns many rules by experience. He learns the designs of the angel world by studying the automatic laws that they originated. The astrologist has his signs, his zodiac, the planets, the constellations, the whole starry firmament at hand; in computing the destiny of man. Whether true or not—whether it has a basic foundation in the deluded brain or not, we will not say. The result of Heenan's fight with Sayers, his first struggle with Morriage, and his still later defeat by an English pugilist, was predicted by a New York astrologist. The death of Lincoln, the course of the present Emperor Napoleon, the attempted assassination of the Czar of Russia, were predicted by an eminent astrologist. We would say that much in astrology has no foundation, but there are many grand truths in connection therewith that we will unfold to you in due time. In carrying on our own investigation in regard to Jesus, there is no arbitrary calculation, no mysticism, nothing that has a tendency to obscure the vision. We trace his life as we would follow the course of a beautiful river meandering around among many banks and fields of flowers, and we make no mis-

take therewith. In our previous article, we explained more fully the method by which we gained our information, and in this we desire to elaborate still further, before branching off and giving many intensely interesting events connected with the life and experience of certain Biblical characters.

We spoke of the Sensitized Plate of Nature, comparing it with the plate that the artist has in the camera, when he takes your likeness. This was a crude comparison, though it answered our purpose for the time being, until we prepared your minds to advance a step. You know that your physical organization is part of the infinity of matter—do you not? You know that much, and it is unnecessary to elaborate further on that point. If your physical organization is a part of the infinity of matter, is not your spiritual organization a part or parcel, as it were, of the infinity of spirit? And now we will advance a step. What is true of the physical organization in that respect, is true of all other parts of the body; therefore, the mind must be a part of the infinity of mind. As matter and spirit are diffused throughout all space, mind must be also. Man is a microcosm of the Universe, consequently he is a part of the grand whole. Now, as it is the mind within us that takes cognizance of all things that come within the scope of our investigation, we have a right to conclude that the infinity of mind, or the Diffusive Mind of God, as we call it, takes cognizance of all the actions of earth's children. It can not be otherwise. You see a horse. The color of the same, his general make up and characteristics are forever daguerrotyped, as it were, upon your mind, and simultaneous therewith on this Diffusive Mind of God. There is nothing outside of God. If he possesses all-power, the power of man must be a part of that all-power, or he would not be all-powerful, and there would be something standing in antagonistic relations to him. This Diffusive Mind contains a record of all our thoughts, of all the scenes we have witnessed, for we live, as it were, in this infinity of mind.

Well, this is the Sensitized Plate of Nature, that we first alluded to, but which is nothing but the "Diffusive Mind of God," taking cognizance of all things, just the same as our own mind takes cognizance of those things that come within the radius of our vision. It is from this "Diffusive Mind of God" that the angel world are enabled to glean the secret history of individuals, survey ancient battles and scenes, bring into existence all the pristine splendor of the Senate of ancient Rome, or survey the crowd that thronged to hear Demosthenes as he thrilled Greece with his eloquence. They can develop from this Diffusive Mind all things in the past. The appearance of our Congress signing the Declaration of Independence, the retreat of Washington from Valley Forge, the victory over Cornwallis and other British Generals, can be brought before their vision by a law understood by them, but which we can not now unfold so as to render it easy of comprehension to the general reader. This is the whole secret of psychometry—it is only the action of this Diffusive Mind of God.

In regard to this Diffusive Mind of God, we can not now fully elucidate. We have stated enough in regard thereto to awaken considerable thought within your mind, and induce a spirit of investigation on your part. We aim to present our views in a manner to be easily understood. It is not, then, really, the earth with its massive buildings, its hills, valleys and mountains, that have impressed thereon the characteristics of all the acts of our life, but the Diffusive Mind of God, that is impregnated therewith. I hold in my hand a petrified pebble taken from the banks of the Mississippi River. Within that pebble is the Diffusive Mind of God. I am brought in rapport with it, and I learn the history of animals and men that have ever come near it. First, there appears before me a bird of majestic mien and glistening plumage, nearly four feet in length. Then there rises up in hideous proportions a loathsome reptile, the fumes that escape from its venomous tongue almost stifling us. We survey the monster with a feeling of awe, and wonder why such an animal ever had an existence. Then steps forth an Indian with a bow and arrow in his hand, and a beautiful fawn dangling over his shoulder. He strides along with all the majesty and mien of an ancient warrior. Then comes another scene—a little girl, with the ringlets of her hair falling over her shoulders, with rosy cheeks and eyes of blue—how happy she seems tripping along, and I wonder why one so fair and beautiful was allowed to be alone. Then there arises a loud war whoop, and there springs from a cluster of bushes an Indian, who seizes the little girl, and carries her off. Within that pebble was the Diffusive Mind of God, and it had taken cognizance of those things. We hold in our hand an inkstand that had been used in the Capitol at Washington. What a scene presents itself! What grandeur there! Rome in all her ancient splendor, or Greece blooming under the influence of her seven wise men, could not present such a scene. Therein stands the representatives of a mighty nation! Grand indeed! There is the flower of the nation—the people are its stem, and the constitution the soil in which it is nourished. We take hold of the remnant of a coat. There arises therefrom a man with cunning manifested on every feature; there is the knave in that eye; there is a festering canker in that heart. We see him at home with a wife on his knee, a little boy and girl by his side. He kisses his wife, he clasps to his bosom his little girl and boy and then goes forth to a bacchanalian feast, to houses of prostitution, to sleep in his bosom the residents of the lowest dens of infamy and vice. We see him intoxicated, the dagger is used, and comes forth from a wound dripping in the blood of his victim. We then see him dangling on the gallows, receiving the punishment his conduct had gained him. Ah! children of earth, there is a Book of Judgment, and it is the Diffusive Mind of God. You who think to es-

cape the knowledge of that all-seeing eye, will be in the distant future greatly mistaken. Go where you will—on the highest mountain, in the deepest valley, on the broad bosom of the ocean, anywhere, everywhere, and there is the Diffusive Mind of God, which has recorded all your acts, all your deeds. Do you understand us? You can't help it. We have made our position plain to be misunderstood. The daguerotype, the harlot, the thief, the back-biter, the miserable loutish drunkard, may not wish to believe it; yet every word we have uttered is true.

This Diffusive Mind of God is in all planets and worlds! In the house of worship, in the dens of prostitution! In the rose with its rainbow tints, in the festering canker within the lily's heart! On the tongue of the gospel advocate, within the lips of the pirate! This Diffusive Mind of God is everywhere! Some call it Psychometry! Prof. Denton has written learnedly on that subject. His thoughts are grand; his illustrations are beautiful. We love the man for the good he is doing, for the good he will do. Pure in heart, generous to a fault, and with an honest purpose, he will go forth winning many laurels for himself. We pronounce him a great man, and our mind seems to come in rapport with him, drinking in the thoughts that he has garnered up, and reveling on those flower gardens of his soul that his own fertile mind has caused to bloom into existence. Still, in his works he has taught but little of Psychometry—simply presented to the world the morning twilight of a glorious philosophy.

It is, then, this Diffusive Mind of God that constitutes Psychometry. We called it, first the Sensitized Plate of Nature, standing in the same relation to the Universe that the little plate does to you, that the artist puts in his camera when he takes your Daguerrotype.

Now, dear reader, you understand us. We are now prepared to continue the narrative of the early life of Bible characters, knowing full well that you will regard the same as truthful, for it is furnished us by the wise sage who stands by our side.

We would, then, in conclusion say that you are enveloped in this Diffusive Mind of God, and that it takes cognizance of all you say and do. Under all circumstances, remember that the Bible states a grand truth when it referred to a day of judgment. Recognizing the fact that all your inmost thoughts are known, are recorded—nerve yourself to renewed exertions, let the temple of your mind in order, live pure virtuous lives, ever remembering that your existence here is the parent stem which will in the future bloom into one more beautiful and grand.

We first intended to continue the discussion of this subject in another number, unveiling still further the true character of God, by tracing the varied history of a hall alone that had its home in the storm-cloud, following its varied career as mist, snow flakes, clouds, ice, water, steam, dew drop, and gas, unfolding thereby a lesson that dispenses with the Christian God altogether; but we will delay the publication of that article for a time, as it does not properly belong with the subjects under discussion.

*For many beautiful illustrations of this, the reader is referred to Prof. Denton's beautiful work entitled, THE SOUL OF THINGS, for sale at 11c.

The Tendency of the Old Theology—Cardinal Antonelli's Instructions.

The following letter from Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime Minister of the Pope, is taken from the *Nicaragua Gazette*, of January 1, 1870. The Cardinal thus writes to the Bishop of Nicaragua:—
 "We have lately been informed here that an attempt has been made to change the order of things hitherto existing in that republic, by publishing a program in which are enunciated 'freedom of education' and of worship. Both these principles are not only contrary to the laws of God and of the Church, but are in contradiction with the Concordat established between the Holy See and that republic. Although we do not yet see your illustrious and reverend lordship will all in your power to resist such a destructive to the Church and to society, still we deem it to be by no means superfluous to stimulate your well known zeal to see that the clergy, and above all the curates, do their duty."

G. CARDINAL ANTONELLI.
 Freedom of education and of worship "contrary to the laws of God, and of the Church." And this from the headquarters of "Mother Church" in the nineteenth century! Free education and worship in violation of the Concordat between the Holy See and Nicaragua, and destructive to the Church and to society! We may guess, then, that something is likely to come from the Ecclesiastical Council that will make a stir in the world.—*N. Y. Herald.*
 And here is another choice nut, full of theological meat. Verily, one would hardly believe that either the Catholics or Protestant branches of Christians were followers of the honest Nazarene, if they did not with persistency assure us that such is the case. These are the people who daily utter all manner of falsehoods and scandal against Spiritualists.

The Reverend pastor refers to it in the following paragraph—well defended by his church with as much pertinacity as they recently defended the other Reverend, who drowned his wife to obtain nine thousand dollars insurance money, for which he had procured a policy to that end.

A "Preacher of the Word," in Emporia, Kansas, recently addressed the following letter to the Judges of a Court in which the preacher had a case pending:—

EMPORIA, Jan. 5.
 HON. M. WATSON—Dear Friend and Brother in Christ:—Having made the decision of each suit of H. E. Norwin and Dr. J. H. Wyatt, to which I am a party defendant, a subject of earnest prayer to God, I have been constrained to inform you of the conclusions to which I have arrived, which are these: That if Justice is done, the disputed land is mine. (This is not only my opinion, but the opinion of every one with whom I have conversed.) And if it is so decided by you, if your honor will be kind enough to accept, I will make you a present of \$300. Permit me to say, also, that one half of the value of the contested land I have promised the Lord, and now promise you, should be for the benefit of His cause in Emporia. Please accept this as confidential, from a true friend and brother in Christ,
 M. A. WYATT.
 The Judge did not happen to see the matter

in the same light as the liberal Vicar, therefore the offer was rejected, notwithstanding the assurance that the proposition, if accepted, was eminently calculated to redound to the glory of God.

Beautiful Victims—Angel Victims.

The *Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal* gives the following account of the death of Kitty Skinner, who died at Ithaca last Thursday. She was one of the victims of the Lang family poisoning case:

"Little Kitty continued to grow worse until about seven and eight o'clock Wednesday night, when her suffering became intense. She could with difficulty be kept quiet, and only by giving a great deal of anesthetic. All the time she asked for cooling substances, as snow and ice, on account of her burning stomach. At last, death came to the little sufferer's relief, but gradually, for after she became easier she could talk. She talked constantly of her relatives, and said she saw Bella Lang (who was buried last week) and she had a beautiful white dress, all plaited about the waist and gathered in the skirt. She said she wanted to be dressed just like Bella, for she was so beautiful. Not long before she died she said that she could not say 'Papa,' (her father was buried on the 23rd of January), 'take hold of my hand and help me across.' Between six and seven, Thursday morning, she breathed her last."

We have another case directly in point.

LITTLE MINNIE.
 one of the most beautiful, brightly and intelligently children ever saw, was stricken down with a species of typhoid fever, a few weeks ago, which in less than five days, closed her life upon the material plane.

A few hours before her decease, she leaned her head forward and gazed in one direction with intense animation. Her Ma asked, "What do you see, Minnie?"

She replied, "I see a lady and a little girl. They are dressed so nicely. The little girl got her curls up here (placing her right hand to her head)."

She closed her eyes as if sleeping for a moment, when she looked again in the same direction, with the greatest intensity, and, in a moment more, the little darling Minnie passed into a convulsion—the first she had ever had in her life, and apparently was dying.

All the restoratives known as available were resorted to, accompanied with a warm bath. In a few minutes, she was called back to physical life, but only for a short time.

The guardian angels had come to guide the loved little one to the other shore. The casket was left, but the jewel was transferred to the coronet of the guardian who had exhibited herself, with another little word, while Minnie was yet in the form.

But, O, how beautiful! how consoling the manifestation to the receivers of the spiritual philosophy!

Little Minnie, always so bright, so lovely in the form, now all things to, and shows her little spirit self to the loved ones of earth.

These are not isolated cases, and of rare occurrence. The faithful observer—the devoted Spiritualist—the philosopher, who scans well and observes the laws of life, knows well that but a single step separates the two spheres of existence, and that those who are not blinded by superstition or the irregularities of mortal life, usually meet the guardians of the spiritual spheres at the very threshold of immortality.

Let the cold skepticism and theological bigotry join hands in their ridicule and fanatical opposition. It is their loss—a poor compensation for their opposition, while to such experience is of more value than all material wealth and honors combined.

OBITUARY.
 Little Minnie, the only child of Mrs. Mary Murry, at the residence of Mrs. A. H. H. Benson, Chicago, on the 26th day of February, 1870, passed to spirit life, after a brief illness of four days, aged three years and eight days.

"Yes! the light has left our dwelling, in a brighter sphere to roam;
 For was she not made our summer—
 'The sunshine of our home.'"

Mrs. Esther Morris, Esq.

The following is extracted from a letter to a young lady, by her cousin in Wyoming (a lad of fourteen), son of Esther Morris, Esq., one of the newly-appointed Justices of the Peace in that Territory:

"You are informed by this time that your aunt, Esther Morris is a Justice of the Peace, and is not yet one of the 'eminent women of the age,' she is the first woman who has ever exercised the judicial power, at least on the American continent. I am glad to say my mother is perfectly at her ease in her new position, and all our best citizens, and the press, are her constant and ardent advocates. I have just finished reading 'Emancipated Women,' and when I think of what the first advocates of abolition and woman's rights had to endure of public ridicule, and, much worse, were sometimes scorned and hissed at, and mobbed; the way for their followers now seems comparatively very smooth; and they who will finish the grand reform of equal rights will no more realize the hard work, self-denial and suffering it required, than the philosopher who has gazed the statue which has employed so many days' hard work in quarrying and chiselling the rough marble to a beautiful form. I am mother's clerk, and since for a brief moment, I have been busy engaged in studying law, and the forms used in our new calling. I think we will get along smoothly, and the prospect of considerable business, too, is flattering; for most of the profession have promised to bring mother their cases."

MAGDALENA.

The above named most interesting story, which is now being published from week to week in the *JOURNAL*, is bringing in many hundreds of subscribers.

We shall be able to furnish the story complete for all new subscribers for three weeks to come, as we are publishing a large number of extra copies each week, from the commencement of the present volume, with which the story commenced.

The thing needed

Literary Notices.

HELEN HARLOW'S VOW. By Lois Walshbrooker, author of "Alfred," "Suffering for Women," etc. Boston, Wm. White & Co. Chicago, Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. Price \$1.50; postage 20 cents.

The author of *Allice Vale* has placed before the reading public another candidate for favor in this her last, and in some respects, best work. Like all of the author's writings, Helen Harlow's Vow is written with a grand motive which will make even a common-place book readable, and we assure our readers that this is no common-place book, but one of great merit. The question of the Social Evil, and its remedy, forms the ground work and principal object of the book, with a little touch of "Woman's Rights" and Theology here and there, worked in with considerable literary skill, to form a part of the story. The Social Evil and its remedy is a problem that has claimed the careful attention of some of the wisest and best men and women of all ages—and it still remains unsolved, and seemingly as far from it as ever, despite heroic individual efforts, well managed social organizations, and even the strong arm of despotic governments. The author assumes a very original, not to say startling theory—as the true one to solve the problem.

We give a portion of the preface which explains the foundation on which she bases her theory. She says: "My observation of life, of persons and things in general, has shown me that, so long as any class of persons will submit to injustice, just so long they must be subject thereto. That God bestows the power to help themselves, is the truth of axioms; for it is only through ourselves, through the life forces within ourselves that we can be helped. Therefore the man or woman who stimulates another to earn a dollar, has really done more for them than though they had given five. The same law holds good of every other channel through which the souls of men and women act upon this external plane of life—is as true of moral as of physical power.

If, then, in writing this book, I can make women feel that she need not submit to the injustice which society meets out to her, in condemning her so much more severely than it does men for the same offense—if I can make her feel this, I have done more for her than though I had given thousands of dollars toward erecting homes for fallen women." My honest opinion is, that whatever tends to make women feel that she is helpless, that she has not the power within herself to rise, after having once gone down from the straight and narrow path—every effort put forth in this direction tends more to curse than to bless. Just so long as you gather them in and care for them as you would for babes or for cripples, just so long you may continue to do so; but once show them how they can get up and walk erect again, even if they have stumbled—once show them this, and your work is effectually done. And more than this; the present state of society wrongs men even more, if possible, than it does women, from the fact that, in a man's position, he has not the power within himself to rise, after having once gone down from the straight and narrow path—every effort put forth in this direction tends more to curse than to bless. Just so long as you gather them in and care for them as you would for babes or for cripples, just so long you may continue to do so; but once show them how they can get up and walk erect again, even if they have stumbled—once show them this, and your work is effectually done. And more than this; the present state of society wrongs men even more, if possible, than it does women, from the fact that, in a man's position, he has not the power within himself to rise, after having once gone down from the straight and narrow path—every effort put forth in this direction tends more to curse than to bless. 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Only use this discovery, as it is made by the
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food store, to sell the product, to the quality of
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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR. CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1870 VOL. VIII.—NO. 6.

In wedlock, we will proceed to investigate the peculiar functions. First in order is the *lover*, or love, or brute instinct for companionship, which will be studied by chemical analysis to be seen how it affects the mind and body. In other words, one person seeking his own affinity. It is too lamentably and too unilaterally the fact, that this lower phase of love is only one considered in this (should be) sacrifice of marriage; and even the chemical analysis of the mind and body is neglected in the education of man, and he masters the same philosophy as the dumb brute. Love finds its birth in chemical proportions, and dies in chemical dissolutions.

Secondly, we come to the higher, or soul love, coming from divine origin, and is at first lodged in the infant breast, which may, by proper culture, assume powerful proportions, and make the passions tall trembling at its feet. The beauty and grandeur of this world; the joy and exultancy of the world to come. It is the mother and the firm ground in the stormy day, and man, for a proper title, that it may be ready and ready when death comes to separate it from the lower love, which we have just described. That high love is a vine of steady growth; it is no flaming passion, but life itself, and it holds on through the blizzards, clouds, and hail on heaven, and fastens, itself, firmly.

It is said to contemplate how little this love enters the marriage state of day. Even the lover, the fluctuating love of the senses, cannot be so much as a motive, and is limited to brilliant wooings, only of die, whose object is attained and its desire is satisfied. Contrast, how beautiful and sublime to enter a union of heart and soul joined: in wedlock, the lower love is immortal, and the power, who the spirit predominates and the passions obey.

The exercise of the higher over the lower will be considered the greatest culture of marriage is only given as food for the higher,

of heaven. This is no overdrawn picture, for we meet with just such unions in our every day life.

It is often asked, "What is true love?" We will add it is the *higher* love, holding a sceptre over the lower love, pointing forward and upward, to the great common love of the hereafter; the cultivation of which is man's grandest prerogative.

On the vine of early culture,
In the shade of reason clearly
Hidden from the earthly culture,
We can learn to love sincerely,

Like the angels love above us,
We can love and love as duty;
Like the love of Him who loves us,
We can love and love as truly.

When we cast the world before us,
Living in the spirit just
We can join the happy chorus,
Clinging to that happy cluster.

When the passions fall on off us,
Down below their weight of culture,
And the soul is ruling o'er us,
Love will shine with noble lustre.

CUCK-OO.

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!"
"Ha! sir! who are you?"
"In the bird that comes to say,
Sweet young Spring is on her way.

If my strange voice you should hear,
When the time is flowers is near
Do not hope to hear my cry
Until Winter bids good by."

I think men will see what woman will gain when she is enfranchised, and I would not waste many words upon such a question, yet, perhaps, a little more would be desired to enter the fossilized brains of the inquirer.

In one of our late discussions, a man said, "I can not see that prevents women now from pursuing the same course as men, and that there is no need of legislation upon that subject."

Had he been a working woman, he would not have said that. He would have seen that there is no industrial path where woman by her adaptability and taste is well qualified to walk.

What prevents her from making as good an article of merchandise as men? There is no obstacle for the numerous sewing machines in use? Surely, if she has a fancy for traveling and a ready address, she can do as well as men, and she can do it with more health, and earn a livelihood at the same time.

What prevented her from taking charge of all the sewing machines at the Mechanic's Fair, and earning as much as the men? What prevented her from them? What hinders her from acting as clerk in the various mercantile establishments in this city? What prevents her from being as good as the beauties of a piece of silk, or the quality of a merino? From mounting pictures at the stores of engravers, becoming waitresses in the hotel

wret Lucretia slide!" Look at Joyce Heath! Look at Mother Eve!" * * * I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history! Look at the illustrious names of literature! Look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! Look at George Francis Train! [Great laughter.] And, sir, say it with bowed head and the deeper veneration, look at the mother of Washington. She raised a boy that could not lie—could not tell a falsehood—could not tell a lie. [Great laughter.] [Oh! Oh!] It might have been different if he had belonged to a Newspaper Correspondent's Club. [Laughter, groans, hisses, and cries of "put him out." Mark looked round placidly upon his excited audience, and remarked,] I repeat, sir, in whatever position you please, I repeat, sir, in whatever position you please, a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart, she has a few (equals and no superiors. [Laughter.] As a cousin, she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an inscurable distemper, she is precious—as a wet nurse, she has no equal among them all. [Great laughter.] "What, would the people of the earth be without women? They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce!" Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encouragement, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. [Great laughter.] "What, would the President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful, worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Not any here will refuse to drink her health right cordily in this bumper of wine: for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother!"

common pit of moral perversity of the woman's rights' doctrine. It is a matter of bread and butter, of life and death, of virtue or abandonment, to the women of the South. The woman of the South, Mr. Horace Greely, whose prominent position makes him the centre of information for almost all classes, complains that he receives every day, letters from women from the middle, and even the extreme Western States, asking for employment. "I have never," he says, "received a letter in all, with the difference of name and date. The woman is a widow, or unmarried, and must find bread and butter for herself, and perhaps for her children. She is fitted to be a teacher, copyist, agent or companion; what 'open door' is there for her in the great Cities of the East? Greely answers this question—'often that door has become well tired of them. And well he may be, for he has always answered them in the same way.' His opinion is that the doors most widely open for unemployed women in the seaboard cities are those of ruin and starvation. For every teacher, copyist, agent or companion, there is a hundred lean and hungry applicants—town bred women too, who know the vanities of the gilded. He discourages the hope that they can in any number find employment in the small manufactures, and finally concludes by saying that the only place for them at home, where they are safe, and where you will find at least some of that human sympathy—that *esprit du corps* which forms part of the atmosphere of a country. You will find none of it waiting for you in the streets of a great city, however laudable your endeavor; and a woman, who has no other resource, must starve, and will die without it, as surely as a bird in an exhausted receiver. Being at home, take up any work, man's or woman's, for which you are fitted, and which pays living prices. Do it as thoroughly as a man, and you need not fear his competition. The very novelty of the attempt will insure suc-

if they had a home. If they could earn a respectable livelihood where they have lived, they would leave their lives. If they could thus bring up their children to competence and usefulness amid old associations; if there were some pressing necessity for them to better their condition, they would not develop a disposition to seek strange household gods in a great city, where they know that they will be bent with the weight of their own poverty. We do not meet the issue. With the great increase of women over men, shown by statistics of population; with the increasing demand that women shall do something to earn a livelihood; with the horrible drudgery and poor pay attendant upon such vocations as that of the seamstress, the milliner, the dress-maker, the washer, and the laundress; with the fact that women are unable to look in the past—there is a necessity for some other means of employment; and it is to the large cities that women must come for it, unless they make up their mind to till the ground, follow the plow or endure the physical hardships of men.

and do well, with the same advantage that men have. Women must enlarge their sphere beyond that which admits them as copyists or school teachers; and for this purpose they must be able to do only by, and through the advantage of such a commercial education as men may enjoy. The Bryant & Stratton system of business education was the first to acknowledge this fact and right of a woman, and the first to throw open its doors to women. This privilege has been largely improved, and the woman is becoming more and more widely known with every year. But it is not until the general principle is acknowledged, which will give woman an equal position with man as a bookkeeper, an accountant, a financier, or a correspondent, that she can enjoy the full benefit of the commercial system. Then the city will furnish abundant and appropriate training for women who have the ability to themselves of the advantages of a commercial education. As to the means of obtaining this education, which is at once so simple, speedy and cheap, we have only to say that we have never yet known a case in which the man, woman or child was in earnest about it, that did not succeed. Where there is a will, there is always a way.

Interesting incidents sometimes transpire in this western country, on account of the selection for church officials. We give a case in point, the details of which were furnished by one of the parties himself. John No. 1 is the treasurer of a certain church, and John No. 2 is a p.w.-holder therefor, for which he was charged \$15 on the said treasurer's book of which were made up by one of the parties evening, when No. 2 was fortunate enough to win \$15, which he moved over to No. 1, saying:

"John, just give me credit for that amount upon my account."

No. 1 took the "chips," b't them, and lost, but, being a man of honor, gave No. 2 the credit. In the language of the Teton, "Kuin g'wit vat a countries vat and b'epies!"

THE PROVIDENCE HERALD announces that Miss Anna Dickinson will shortly be led to the altar by a well known Rhode Island literary gentleman. Whether for matrimony or sacrifice is not stated.

applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.] Look at the noble names of history! Look at Deeds

"A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

Pacific Department.

By.....BENJ. TODD.

Is Spiritualism a Science?

We take the ground that it is. That Spiritualism is a science, is the grand paramount claim set up by its advocates, wherein it excels all other religious ideas ever known to mankind.

But when we make the assertion to the world that Spiritualism is a science, they come back with the inquiry, "Where is your formula? We have never seen it," and there is more truth than poetry in the remark.

Astronomy, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, and intellectual philosophy, mechanics and the arts generally, have their formulas. A thorough classification of their principles and phenomena. But where is the formula of Spiritualism?

We do not mean so much with regard to the religious or emotional part, as to that which is purely scientific, such as when, where and how are we to get communications. Not only how to get one class of manifestations, but how to get all classes, or any specific one that we wish. But, says one, if you want physical manifestations, you must get a medium of that kind, or, if mental, get one of that kind. But what sense is there in such an answer as that? It might do for a novice, but not for a scientific investigator. If he did not blush with shame for the person's ignorance, we must asseverate should.

Now we want to know how to make mediums; and of the kind that we want. We believe it can be done, if Spiritualism is founded on scientific principles.

We want to know what kind of physical constitution is necessary, what kind of a mental temperament must accompany it, what peculiar surroundings are required to produce a given kind of mediumship, and then we can make mediums to order, and meet the wants of mankind at large. The Angel World is always ready, on its side, to do its part. But, says one, we have scientific works on Spiritualism, and there we can make mediums; that give the information we have asked for above. The whole efforts of scientific men, as far as we know, and we are somewhat acquainted with spiritual literature, have been directed to one point, namely, to prove positively that spirits were the authors of the phenomena occurring. Is it not time now that we commenced to formulate the matter? If this was done, it would save an amount of time that has been wasted in feeble efforts with no success ultimately attending them. This is no small work—no before-breakfast job. It cannot be accomplished in a day, or a month, or a year, or even many years. But might and ought to be begun now. The question is, who shall undertake this much needed work? It requires some one who has had large experience, to come into contact with some one who is a close observer, and at the same time, a thorough but generous critic; one who has patience and perseverance, and is willing to spend his life in experimenting in the subject, for the good of the cause and the welfare of mankind generally.

We do not believe it possible to promulgate the purely religious doctrine of Spiritualism, so as to meet the approbation of anything like a majority of its advocates, and we rejoice that it can not be done. Whoever attempts it, attempts an utter impossibility. Provided that could be done, and was done, in this very day, it could be done, and would be done, and the glory of Spiritualism would be its departure.

The moment you begin to drive stakes at bounds to free thought and earnest and thorough investigation, that moment you tend to centralization. A little farther, and it becomes sectarianism; a little farther, and it becomes fossilization. They come to a dead end, and there they stand, or sectarianism goes to seed. It was sectarianism that administered the poisoned cup toocrates, crucified a Jesus, imprisoned Galileo, instituted the Spanish Inquisition, and the like. It was sectarianism that whipped An Dyer, the Quaker, at the tail end of a cart, through the streets of Boston, and finally hung her on the Common. It was the sectarianism of a Pharisee that caused the Jews to crucify Jesus, and made them a blood thirsty people and a blighting curse to the nations around them. The teachings of the New Testament came to do away with this degradation of humanity, and the best of all religious institutions was soon introduced into it by Paul, the usurper. For he usurped the right of deification to all the churches in matters of doctrine, and planted the seeds of corruption, and fresh and blooming with broader thoughts and wider freedom, the poison weeds whose overshadowing branches hung drooping with tyranny and death.

That Paul was a rigid sectarian is seen, though covertly, in all his epistles. He was a crafty man, for he acknowledged that being crafty, he caught them with a hook that we have preached, let him be cursed.

But it culminates and shows its cloven foot in his epistle to the Galatians, where he says, "Through an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be cursed." This poisonous curse, ejected into the veins of the infant Christianity, grew with its growth and strengthened with its strength, and it has led it down to the lowest depths of infamy and crime and hung like a brooding pall of darkness over the world for sixteen hundred years.

But in the sixteenth century, through the inspirations of Luther and Melancthon in Germany, and Lewigle in Switzerland, the star of liberty arose amid the surrounding gloom and became the beacon light to a shivering world. Luther said, "I will put a hole in Tetzels' drum," and he did it, too, and left the Pope's exchequer in a bankrupt condition. Nor was this all he did, by any means. He planted the seed of free thought, and thinking, and that tree has borne abundant fruit, of ambrosial flavor to millions since his day. He sowed the spirit of discord in the ranks of the papal hierarchy, and broke a power, and he robbed it of its ability to persecute with the fagot and sword. And thus the world has become divided up into smaller sects and clans and sects has been the result.

But another Luther is wanted to-day (and we believe that Spiritualism is the Luther of to-day), who will break sectarianism for the last time and utterly destroy it, and mankind may erect on the foundation which it has so long stood to the disgrace and hindrance of progressive ideas, the altar of individual responsibility, whose fires shall be lighted by the Angel World with an undying flame.

We have long since ceased to believe in a church large enough to hold more than one individual. We would not by any means admit the best friends we have in the wide world into our church. So long as there is no one else but ourselves, we have no quarrels and jangles. Should we take others in there, we would stir up all the quarrels and jangles would occur, and then might get turned out. If we take no one into our church, we are assured that we shall have peace while we live and die in the church at last. "So much the better."

Farewell.

But we not yet farewell. Lean over me
Till all the moon's bright silver is outspent.
All spirits focus on my face
All splendours upon quivering eyelids of eyes.
The while through luminous shadow lovingly
Above my own, they wait, and sweet eyes bend.
I, too, would weep, and weep, and weep, and weep,
With passion that has cost a curse to thee,
But by thy weeping—thou wilt need thy tears,
For we shall meet in many a mournful dream;
To view the things that we have seen, and seen,
And once again, as if we were again,
Take heart and smile, and sorrow shall be dawn
With daybreak, and the light of many a dawn.

The New York Herald inquires why Trilby Chase, the author of more than a dozen novels, directly or indirectly, has property for houses, provision and drive residences from the lowest species of personal sin.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

Facts, Incidents and Theories in Relation Thereto.—The Wonderful Phenomenon.

BY ALEXANDER SMYTH.

In the *Banner of Light*, for April 9th, there is a short article which makes a most antagonistic comment upon the article I wrote, and which I lately published in your Journal, to which I wish to make a reply, if you will favor me by giving it an issue in your paper.

I am very loth to enter into a contest of this nature, but when a man opens a communication with the public by making known his knowledge and opinions, he is liable to be misconstrued—his sentiments misunderstood, and, by some, wantonly misrepresented. It, therefore, becomes my duty, to say if and the public, that I should make a reply to my opponent of the *Banner*, Mr. Warren Chase.

Mr. Chase commences his attack in this wise: "Alexander Smyth, in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, sets aside as one having authority, the theory of Pre-existence, but he does it not with science but with vision, not unlike those of the Apocalypses, which to us are as reliable as a feather." Yes, I set aside the foolish doctrine of Pre-existence as one having authority, but I have the authority of my own experience, and acquired knowledge of things in this world. I have the authority of others under the name of science, and I have the authority of ancient and modern ages now in the Spirit World, who have made their revelations to me by visions and impressions. What has Mr. Chase's authority among mortals? The *Banner* says my visions are like unto those of the Apocalypses. What little I know of the Apocalypses, I did it to be of the most silly kind of impostures, by the grossest and most ignorant kind of knavery. I do not consider that Mr. Chase does any violence in comparing them to such mystical nonsense as the Apocalypses; or any others mentioned in the old books of the Bible or Testament.

The visions that I have ventured to make known to the public, I have reasons to believe are given me by learned spirits, who have been in the Spirit World for many years, and who were satisfied of their truth and great value. I should not venture to present them to the public. I have no faith myself, in what I say that come from spirits of the lower spheres, for I know them not to be reliable. Mr. Chase says, "We never found the picture of the vision in conflict with science, reason, or common sense." He is right in that respect; but does he wish to insinuate that the vision I gave in my article is in conflict with science, reason and common sense? If he means that, he certainly must be so elevated in his own estimation, that he has overlooked the subject beneath him.

In conflict with science, is it? Please to read the article again, and you will find that every item of the vision is in strict conformity with scientific knowledge, as far as science can go. It is the best of physiological works, and you will find the picture of the vision is in strict conformity with the latest scientific physiology, as far as anything is known thereon, and where the science is lacking, then comes in the various links of revelation by the vision, which connect the various parts of science; and make the various parts a united, rational whole. Does not the brain speak in the vision, of the male and the female, and their attraction and repulsion? There it stops; it can go no farther on that point. Does not science speak of the dual constructed body, the dual organs, the dual nerve, the dual brain, and mind; also of the three-brain, without assigning any force or order thereto, or the relation of the brain to the body? It can see all these things, but not understand them.

All this is represented in the vision, and more. Certain links or revelations are made, which connect all the scientific parts together; when a grand and wonderful state of things is brought to view, and the innate forces and action of nature are made clear to the vision, and the mystery on that matter. The greatest scientific knowledge that can be acquired—will it teach how the force is produced? Will it teach the cause that gives the sex to the fetus? Will it teach whence and how comes the soul? No; it knows nothing of the soul, and knows not where it comes from, or where it goes, or what it is, or what it is the meaning of the duality of the body, the nerves, the large brain, and the use of the little brain? No science knows nothing of this kind. Yet the little vision given in my article takes up all the scientific items known, and makes a more to them, by which the whole are connected, and none disturbed or laid aside, making a beautiful, grand and rational system, by which the nature of man is displayed, and all that which was hitherto a mystery is made clear and plain to any intelligent investigator; and yet Mr. Chase is so far from seeing this, that he pretends to think my vision comes in collision with science, and also with reason and common sense.

Now, what is reason? I find it to be a power of comparing ideas one with another, and drawing therefrom certain inferences. Now, all mankind and all other animals have knowledge of things, according to their nature and circumstances, and they are able to draw inferences, and they have a power of reflecting, or comparing their ideas, so that all have a power of reasoning. So that the difference between a philosopher and a fish, as to reason, is that the former has great knowledge and power of reasoning, according to the latter, which has very little. So that the difference between a philosopher and a fish, as to reason, is that the former has great knowledge and power of reasoning, according to the latter, which has very little. So that the difference between a philosopher and a fish, as to reason, is that the former has great knowledge and power of reasoning, according to the latter, which has very little.

Thus, when Mr. Chase says that my vision conflicts with reason, he speaks rashly. Whose reason is he talking of? His own? Or the reason of the other? You have no right to judge as you do not see things as I do. He ought rather to say, "You cannot see this point because your knowledge and reason are not large enough to grasp it."

But, when Mr. Chase says that my vision conflicts with reason, he speaks rashly. Whose reason is he talking of? His own? Or the reason of the other? You have no right to judge as you do not see things as I do. He ought rather to say, "You cannot see this point because your knowledge and reason are not large enough to grasp it."

Mr. Chase remarks that "whatever has one end must have two—nor can any one vision prove that whatever, in or of us, is immortal must not have been as much so in the past as in the future." To this, I reply, The gentleman misunderstands me in part, or he does not give me credit for that which I avow. If he will read my article again, he will perceive that I acknowledged the elements which constitute the substance of the soul to be eternal, the same as all matter to be eternal, and the soul as individual, and conscious entity. I deny, emphatically, to have a pre-existence, deny to material conception. There and there is the commencement of its being and active existence, as shown in the vision. Its constituent elements, like the elements of

matter, I consider—probably to be eternal. It is just as reasonable to suppose that the soul is eternally generated, as to suppose that the power of Nature brings into existence a body of a certain stamp and quality, why should not the same great power produce a body to correspond with it? It seems to me that it would be more rational and probable that the soul should be in existence thousands of years before it could incarnate itself in the human body.

He again remarks, "We will not say that earth is not a manufactory of souls as well as bodies, but if it is, we are no more chance for their running eternally than for a clock once wound up never running down." It is possible and probable that you see this in that light, but others may be enabled to see things differently; therefore, you must not be gone, and think that your view of the case is the only true and infallible one. There is a great difference, in my view, of a clock wound up and a clock wound up ready for future action. The clock is made of perishable materials, and is subject to friction, which in time will stop its action, and its maker is one of limited power, big only man; but with the soul it is quite different; it is of impishable elements—it is ever pure, because it is a portion of the great power of the universe, and it is made of the material of God's power, develops this soul out of two other living essences, which later partake of the traits of human nature. Then the soul partakes of three natures: first, the nature of the spiritual elements; second and third, the nature of the two other essences, which later partake of the traits of human nature, and which gives it its earthly human character. Thus, when this soul is developed (or wound up), it runs on forever; no earthly friction or obstacle can stop it to that.

Mr. Chase may perceive that his comparison between the clock and soul does not hold good, for the clock is made of perishable materials, and is subject to friction, which in time will stop its action, and its maker is one of limited power, big only man; but with the soul it is quite different; it is of impishable elements—it is ever pure, because it is a portion of the great power of the universe, and it is made of the material of God's power, develops this soul out of two other living essences, which later partake of the traits of human nature, and which gives it its earthly human character. Thus, when this soul is developed (or wound up), it runs on forever; no earthly friction or obstacle can stop it to that.

In my previous article, I used very little argument in support of the idea, and now that I advanced, for two reasons: One was that my article was lengthy without occupying space with argument. The other reason was that I thought my exposition of the matter was so clear that more argument was not necessary, so I preferred to leave it to the judgment of the public to draw their own conclusions. But now, as I have been constrained to write in defense of what I have previously said, and as I have replied to the principal remarks of Mr. Chase, I will devote some time to argument, in examining some of the untenable assertions of our lady lecturer, who is the first to have broached this doctrine, and to see what she has to say in mind that, whatever I may say in my peculiar way of writing, I wish not to give the slightest umbrage or offence to the lady, as I admire her as much as any angel that could stand before me.

The lady says, "There is no such thing as memory or recollection,—they are all a part of vision." In that case, we must lose ourselves very often; for I know that we often lose our recollection or memory, and when I have thus lost myself I wonder who it is that acts in my stead.

The lady goes on to say: "There is no knowledge of the past, no recollection of the past, no memory. What you call instruction is suppression of knowledge. What you undertake to teach the young, you unteach."

If this be true, the lady has thrown a thunder-bolt which will uproot and destroy all of the best intentions of society for the past thousand years. Books, teachers, prophets and sages teach us nothing, and speak in vain, and the young are left in the dark, and the old are left in the dark, and the memory, is an experience of the past. This is really wonderful, and a great pity that we and society at large had not discovered it before. What a vast amount of money and labor might have been saved. What a disappointment it must have been to the learned, to find that they could not teach the third or fourth or fifth or sixth or seventh or eighth or ninth or tenth or eleventh or twelfth or thirteenth or fourteenth or fifteenth or sixteenth or seventeenth or eighteenth or nineteenth or twentieth or twenty-first or twenty-second or twenty-third or twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth or twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth or thirtieth or thirty-first or thirty-second or thirty-third or thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth or thirty-sixth or thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth or thirty-ninth or fortieth or forty-first or forty-second or forty-third or forty-fourth or forty-fifth or forty-sixth or forty-seventh or forty-eighth or forty-ninth or fiftieth or fifty-first or fifty-second or fifty-third or fifty-fourth or fifty-fifth or fifty-sixth or fifty-seventh or fifty-eighth or fifty-ninth or sixtieth or sixty-first or sixty-second or sixty-third or sixty-fourth or 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Religio-Philosophical Journal

R. S. JONES,
EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
Office, 187 & 189 South Clark Street,
CHICAGO, ILL. 60604.
RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.
CHICAGO APRIL 30, 1970.

TERMS OF THE
Religio-Philosophical Journal.
\$3.00 per year, 6-12 months, \$1.40-2.00.
Fifty Cents for Three Months on trial
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or Post-Office Money Order, if possible. Where no draft of these can be procured, send the money, but always in a registered letter. The registration fee has been reduced to fifteen cents, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against loss by mail. All subscriptions are subject to registration letters when requested to do so.

All subscriptions remaining unpaid more than six months, will be charged at the rate of \$1.00 per year.
PAYERS are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for their discontinuance, and until payment of all arrears is made, as required by law. No money can be returned or subscription books without the first payment in advance.

SUBSCRIBERS are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscription, and to forward what is due for the coming year, with or without further reminder from this office.

NEWSPAPER DISCOUNTS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he is the subscriber or not, is entitled to a discount.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount. When the paper is taken from the office or mail, the publisher has no choice but to continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount. When the paper is taken from the office or mail, the publisher has no choice but to continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount.

LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time to which payment has been made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to Dec. 10th, 1970, it will be mailed, - Smith, Jan. 10, 1971. The money is taken from the office or mail, the publisher has no choice but to continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount.

Those sending money to this office for the Journal, should be careful to state whether it is a renewal, or a new subscription, and write proper names plainly.

All letters and communications should be addressed to R. S. Jones, 187 South Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

(Continued from last week.)

SPIRITUALISM OF THE BIBLE.—No. XXVII.

SAUL AND SAMUEL.

Saul, His Early History.—The Persecutions of Mediums Induced by Disappointments.—Estelle, Samuel in a Medium and Seer.

Temporarily we leave the narration of events connected with Jesus, to take into consideration the history of other personages that are crowding upon us, demanding our attention. In the discussion of the Spiritualism of the Bible, we have aimed to elucidate our position by a thorough course of reasoning, and we have not made a single assertion that we can not sustain. Truth is what the people desire. Had we given the early History and Development of Jesus, without explaining the philosophy connected with that process whereby the angel world are enabled to glean from the past the incidents of noted characters, the readers of the JOURNAL would have received it incredulously. But having dispelled the clouds that hung over the subject, removed the obstructions in our path, and rendered clear our spiritual vision, we are now prepared to move onward in the path of investigation, our mind faltering not as it eagerly enters upon the work before it.

Situated as we are on earth in the primary stage of existence, we have, of course, much to learn. The achievements of one generation constitute a lever that will elevate the forthcoming one to a higher plane of existence. To-day, then, we are not only benefiting ourselves by the advancement we make in the fields of the arts, science, literature and philosophy, but we are conferring an incalculable boon on the world during all time to come. Nothing being left to the achievements of the literary mind—of course the world must constantly increase in wisdom, and in the degree thereof it will grow better.

Then, each one of us should constitute himself or herself, a committee of one to advance in the scale of existence, resting assured that in so doing they are not only benefiting themselves, but those who may follow them. Life, at best, in this primitive stage of existence, is composed of sunshine and shadow, success and reverse, and although life in every respect what it should be, still it does not assume a condition desirable for man throughout all eternity.

Living as we do in the nineteenth century, when telegraphic communications have been more fully established between the material and spiritual worlds, the mundane and supermundane spheres, many questions come up in our mind in regard to the past, present and future.

An ancient philosopher says: The present is only a lever for the future, each succeeding generation adds to its length, thereby increasing its power.

A Chinese Mandarin says: The present is the parent of the future, and she looks upon her embryo child with the fondness of a mother, ever endeavoring to transmit to it a heritage that shall elevate it in the scale of existence.

An Ancient Persian says: The present has its clouds, they surround us on every side; they hedge in our path, and obscure our vision, and the removal thereof confers a blessing, not only on us, but on future generations.

An Ancient Hebrew says: The present is the introduction of a grand book, which only eternity can write. It unfolds the errors of one age, that others may profit thereby;—only adding another volume to the preface, that future generations may increase in knowledge and power.

An Arab says: The present is the savior of the future. As the child blesses its parent, so should humanity to-day bless the achievements of the past.

An Ancient Chaldean says: The present of my day, when I stood on the cleft of a mountain and surveyed the grandeur of the heavens built up a superstructure on which to day, your present, my future then—stands.

One who has been long in spirit life says: The present is only a ship in which are laden the achievements of men, which sets sail on the ocean of time, to carry its precious freight to future generations.

Yes, the present is building up a superstructure for the future, and this will ever continue to do. The human mind of to-day, does not understand its obligations to the past, or appreciate its relation to those master intellects that existed centuries ago. Within itself, depending on itself alone, the human mind is comparatively weak,—assisted by the achievements of the past, it is enabled to make more rapid strides in progress than those who preceded it.

Having, then, briefly alluded to the "present" and the prominent part it acts for future generations, we shall now branch off into a new field of investigation, and endeavor to gather therein some new truths of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL. Back again in the history of the past we turn our attention. We desire to learn something of those spiritual manifestations that existed in the days of Saul, and unveil some truths in connection therewith not heretofore known. Saul was engaged at one time in a destructive war with the Philistines, and the prophets were that he would be defeated. Having commenced a terrible war of persecution against those who held communion with the unseen world, having issued his mandate against any consulting familiar spirits, he thereby deprived himself of gaining that information which he so much desired. Irritable and proud, governing his people with a cruel relentless hand, he saw fit to issue his mandate under those circumstances of disappointment, which sometimes results from the utterance of different mediums, when not entirely satisfactory to the one consulting. In that day and age of the world there were many mediums. Saul, indeed, managed to keep one under his immediate supervision most of the time, and he was much attached to her as she could predict for him a bright future.

She was a pale nervous creature, and seemed to be under the perfect control of the spirits that surrounded her. With Saul she was a great favorite. Her large blue eyes and the magnetic force thereof, seemed to subdue that wild, savage relentless mind of his, and threw over his nature a halo that only the loving kindness of women can impart. Under her influence he was really much more of a man than he otherwise would have been. She seemed to have perfect control over him just so long as she predicted for him a bright future and great temporal power, but as soon as she saw him overshadowed with dark portentous clouds, delecting a storm, and finally his complete overthrow, heaved like a madman. In his warlike undertakings previously, especially with the Amalekites, he had been successful, and his name was assuming grand proportions in the estimation of his immediate followers, and he would not for a moment entertain the idea that he must soon lose the supremacy he then enjoyed, and become as one of the common people. Estelle—for such was the name of this medium—saw foreshadowed in the dim outlines of the future, his final overthrow, and under a prophetic influence, she was inspired to tell him the truth. Heretofore, he had repented especial confidence in all that Estelle had said in regard to his life, for there was nothing but success connected therewith, but when reverses were predicted, he became partially demented, and raved like a madman, issuing an order that all those who had familiar spirits should be put to death,—his own beautiful Estelle among the number.—It did not leave the land before a designated time.

The life of Saul, at first, was somewhat brilliant, and he did not hesitate to consult familiar spirits, as they were sometimes called, in regard to the best course for him to pursue. The decree that he issued under the impulse of the moment, ordering the death of all the witches, and a banishment of those who consulted familiar spirits, of course, resulted in his loss of Estelle, to whom he was devotedly and tenderly attached. The full effect of the decree he issued was not at first apparent to his mind; but when he contemplated the foul step he had taken, and especially the death of his favorite, Estelle, he became heart-broken and reckless, and was illly adapted to meet the Philistines in battle array. Thus Saul, while the mediums of his day foreshadowed a brilliant future for him and success in the battle field, afforded them that protection necessary to insure them safety and perfect immunity from the abuse of any one; but low soon he commenced persecuting them when success ceased to crown his efforts on the battle field. Estelle, whom he had so often consulted, was now dead, and he regarded himself as her murderer. Under these circumstances, it is natural that he should feel conscience-stricken, and have a still greater desire to consult a familiar spirit, that he might learn something in regard to the fate that awaited him. Saul, like many of the present day, was too much in the habit of consulting mediums, relying too little on his own individuality, but while success was predicted for him, he moved along, charmingly; but the moment reverses came, he seemed to lose his self control, and was illly adapted to meet these emergencies that the occasion seemed to require. With his beautiful Estelle by his side, and with success crowning his efforts, his mind was in a condition to triumph; but it seemed the first predic for him made of disasters to him rendered him partially insane, and he issued the following order:

"Witches shall be put to death at once. Those who have a familiar spirit, shall suffer

death or leave the kingdom. He who consults a familiar spirit shall be banished."

But we will retract our steps. We desire to give the cause that led to his persecutions of mediums, and his final death. We will now go back in the history of his eventful career, and detail his first interview with one of the most remarkable seers of ancient times.

Kish, the father of Saul, was a very wealthy and influential man, and exerted a great influence over those with whom he was immediately surrounded. His intelligence, moral worth and great wealth made him somewhat distinguished, and in consequence thereof, he was enabled to exert a great influence over those around him. Saul inherited his wonderful sagacity and intelligence, with, however, but little of that moral rectitude that seemed to distinguish the father, although the bible says that from his shoulders and upwards, he was higher than any of the people. Superintending his father's business to a great extent, he formed for himself an executive and business talent that he could not otherwise have possessed. On one occasion, the asses of Kish were lost, and Saul was delegated to search for them. Taking a servant with him, he passed the lands of Shailim and the Benjamites, but could learn no tidings from the objects of his search. Finally he said to his servant,

SAUL. Come and let us return: let my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us. I Sam. ix:13.

SERVANT. Behold there is in this city a man of God, and he is an honorable man; all he saith cometh surely to pass. Now let us go thither: peradventure he can show us the way we shall go. I Sam. ix:15.

SAUL. But, behold, if we go, what shall we bring the man, for the bread is spent in our vessels, and there is not a present to bring to the man of God. "What have we?"

SERVANT. Behold, I have here a silver piece, the fourth part of a shekel of silver: that I will give to the man of God to tell us the way.

(Beforetime, in Israel, when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, come, let us go to the seer: for he that is now called a prophet was beforetime called a seer.) I Sam. ix:19.

SAUL. Well said; come, let us go.

Now, Samuel, was the seer alluded to, whom they wished to consult. As a medium and seer, he occupied a high position, and knew even before Saul came that he was going to make him a visit. In I Sam. ix:15, 16, we find the following:

"Now the Lord had told Samuel in his ear a day before Saul came, saying, to-morrow about this time, I will send you a man out of the land of Benjamin, and thou shalt anoint him to be Captain over my people, Israel, that he may save my people out of the hands of the Philistines, for I have looked upon my people because their cry has come unto me."

This Lord was simply a ministering spirit, the same one who planned the advent of Jesus, marked out the course he should pursue, and who inspired him to give utterance to those ideas that so confounded the doctors in the temple. He told Samuel that he desired Saul to rule over the people of Israel, just as he was stepping into his presence.

"Behold the man whom I spake to thee: this same shall reign over my people."

SAUL. Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is.

SAMUEL. I am the seer. G up with me unto the high place: for ye shall eat with me to-day, and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart. And as for these asses that were lost, set not thy mind upon them, for they are found. And upon whom is the desire of all Israel? Is it not on thee, and on all thy father's house?

SAUL. Am I not a Benjaminite, of the smallest of the tribes of Israel? and my family is the least of all the tribes of the family of Benjamin? Wherefore, then, speakest thou so to me?

Samuel had not only been informed in regard to the coming of Saul, but predicted a prominent position for him in the future, assuring him that it was his destiny to rule over Israel. After his first interview with Samuel, he was taken to the house-top by him (I Sam. ix:15), and there they communed with the Spirit World, many things of great interest being unfolded to Saul. His life for a brief period was given, and many things were unfolded to him, of the most brilliant character.

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Don't Forget the Printer.

Business and common honesty requires everybody to pay for their newspaper. Spiritualists, we are confident, will not claim an exception to this rule.

Mrs. Addie L. Balloq lectured in Weston, Mo., last week. She went from there to Kansas City. Good reports from her labors are sent to us wherever she has lectured. See letter in another column.

"ADAM'S FALL" BRIEFLY CONSIDERED.

By the representations of Moses, what was the condition of Adam?

First: He was blind, ignorant, helpless and naked, and was not wise enough to know his condition. If he had wanted, he did not know it. What could such a being do absolutely nothing. He must be considered innocent of any wrong act or motive, for the lack of ability to be anything else.

In this state of things, Moses says, the Lord God commanded Adam that he should not eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, in the midst of the garden, and a threat with the command, that in the day he should eat thereof, he should surely die.

Of this command I treat, the first thing apparent is, the absurdity and futility of a command and threat, to an irresponsible being, and entirely passive, in every sense of the word. Some of the consequences of the foregoing statement of Moses, were, that the command was not obeyed, the forbidden fruit was eaten, the promised threat was not fulfilled, the blindness of Adam and Eve was cured, they did not die as threatened; but they "became as gods," knowing good and evil, which settled the question of veracity between the Lord and the serpent, in favor of the serpent, made Adam and Eve mortal agents, by "knowing good and evil," right and wrong, and who were not, till then, accountable beings,—did not "fall," having nothing to fall from, and from that moment began to rise in knowledge. The knowledge of good and evil was then, and still is, an absolute and indispensable condition and necessity of man's existence and destiny, and, therefore, could not have been forbidden or counteracted. This is proved, also, by the declaration of the Lord God in the 3rd chapter of Genesis, 23rd verse, "Behold the man is become as one of us, knowing good and evil." Was not this a highly elevated change of condition produced by eating the forbidden fruit, and making him acceptable company with the Lord God himself? He did not die, but rose to conscious, moral, accountable life, of which till then, he had been absolutely destitute. He then became conscious of his wants and ability to relieve them, and began to live as a responsible human being.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS.

The first and main one is, that Moses' account of the creation is untrue, in every part and particular of it.

Another is, that portion of it, of which has been manufactured "Adam's Fall," is so clearly with its interpretations, not only untrue, but calamitous to humanity, in consequence of a belief in them; by bigots in power, that it would require an almost endless number of volumes to contain the history of the persecutions, bloodshed, wars and fears, occasioned by the attempts made to enforce a belief in them.

Another is, that Adam, in a state of innocence, unconscious of right or wrong, by not obeying a command, that he could not know, should or could have entailed endless misery on the human race, when, at the same time, the same vitally necessary act cured his blindness, made him a moral agent, and his act was approved by God in Genesis, 3rd chap., 22nd v. On the one hand, an act making humanity endlessly miserable, and on the other hand, making an approval of such act by God, as declared by himself.

Another singularity is, that the disobedience of the command should produce such wonderful happy influences and consequences, the very reverse of what was threatened.

An inquiry is here suggested, what has become of the dogma of "original sin," and one of its progeny, "infant damnation?"

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Where comparison may be had, proportion may also be had. There are light offenses and trivial crimes, and so on, comparatively, to "capital" offenses, for the last of which the penalty may be death, while light crimes may be punished by fine or imprisonment, or both. Thus, true proportion is rightly regarded in punishment for crime, as just according to the degree of criminality. In fact, proportion is a main spoke in the balance wheel of justice. It is alleged as a fact in the religious belief of Christendom, that Adam, by eating the forbidden fruit, doomed himself and all his posterity to a state of "endless misery" (his posterity including all human beings ever in existence). Where is the proportion, as well as consistency, between the act and the penalty? He was innocent, and committed no crime, for lack of knowledge and power, and had no such mind or inclination. "No one is accountable for what he cannot control."

Hereditary punishment is not permitted in any civilized community. As Adam committed no offense, he was not punished for any, and the Lord approved his act. See Gen. iii:22.

The popular religious Orthodox belief is founded on the dogma of "Adam's fall," and dependent upon the act of Adam in eating the forbidden fruit, which act took place before he had any knowledge of good and evil, of right and wrong, and while he was not accountable as a moral agent; and yet that act cured his blindness, gave him a knowledge of good and evil, made him a moral agent, and raised him to a highly exalted condition, as declared by the Lord in Genesis, iii:22.

Just leave out this false and rotten foundation, "Adam's fall," and its reputed consequences from such belief, and what becomes of original sin, of damnation between God and man, of the belief in the dogma of endless misery, and of the doctrine of salvation from that endless misery, and of the war reputed as begun by Adam, between God and man?

There are stubborn facts in all these views and opinions, and in due time they will work themselves out in their true light.

The religious has gone forth, that "the truth shall make us free," free from false views and erroneous ideas.

ANOTHER CLERICAL SCANDAL.

A Minister Kneels With a Young Girl—She Dies on his Hands—Unparalleled Villainy.

We clip the following from the Piquette (Ohio) News. It will be read with interest, as illustrating the morality of that class who can see no good in Spiritualism:

On last Monday, a minister, the Rev. Samuel Walls, who has a charge near Van Wert, was arrested and lodged in jail at Centerville. The charge against him is of the most revolting description, and if true, proves him to be a villain of the deepest dye.

On Saturday last, this man Walls shipped a corpse from Centerville, under circumstances which gave rise to suspicions on the part of the people of that place that all was not right. Following the matter up, he was arrested on his return to Centerville.

The corpse was shipped Saturday and got through to this city Saturday night. He called on the agent at the Dayton and Michigan depot Saturday night, to have the body shipped to Bostons Station, directed to Joseph Lamborn, at the place of the following letter, "Agent, whose corpse was in the coffin," he said it was his wife (or companion, as he called it) in response to several questions, he returned but few evasive answers. He said his business would not admit of his going to Bostons himself, but left the corpse in care of the agent and left on the western train.

The coffin contained the dead body of the daughter of Mr. Joseph Lamborn, a young lady twenty years of age, who ran off with this creature, Walls, some four months ago, since which time nothing had been heard of her until Saturday night. Walls placed a letter on the coffin, Mr. Lamborn stating that the body was that of his dead daughter, and that he would send her clothes, with the particulars of her death to him in a short time. It is said that a child, three weeks old, the fruit of this crime, is now in Centerville, Ind., in the care of some parties there, but as to this last, our informant is not positive.

Further details of this most sickening and revolting crime may be expected soon. It is certainly one of the most heinous affairs that has come to our knowledge for some time past.

ANOTHER CASE.

We clip the following from the Troy (N. Y.) Times:

We published, yesterday, a short account of some startling facts which have come to light in regard to Rev. James Dobbs, pastor of the Baptist church at Scarsville, Herkules county. Our sources of information were not then very full, and the account was inaccurate in many respects. From information gathered "on the spot," we are now able to give the following true history of the scandal:

The reverend gentleman claims to have been a very wicked and dissipated man during the earlier part of his life. The history of his first marriage is involved in great obscurity. In fact, all that is known about it is from his own confession to his third wife, which is to the effect that he became weary of his first wife, and that he turned to a peddler, who kindly took her off his hands. It has not yet appeared as to whether he received any exchange in tin or not. Soon after he married his second wife, a respectable lady and the daughter of a judge in the western part of this state. By her he had a son, who is still living with his mother's relatives. According to his own confession, he soon killed his second wife by drunkenness, neglect and hard usage. Again our hero sought consolation at the hymeneal altar. His third wife was a very worthy woman, and he lived with her for some time, and they had several children. He had during this time become converted and entered upon the ministry in the Baptist church. Henceforth his walk seems to have been "straight and narrow." In his own county, he was accused of lechery with a Mrs. Jones, with whom he was once caught *flagrante delicto*. This place soon became too hot for him, and he went from there to Hudson, Wis. Here he and family were too great a restraint upon his restless spirit, so he left them at Wellsville to shift for themselves. In Canada his warmth of temperament was not abated, notwithstanding his piety. He was soon accused of indiscreet conduct with different females, and after getting his charge into a perfect boil of dissipation, he left and took another charge at Hudson, Wis. Here he had troubles of the same sort, and left. Next we find him in charge of a church in Connecticut, U. S. where he was accused of improper intimacy with Miss Helen Webster, a church trial was held, very decidedly exonerated and dismissed from his charge. He then enlisted in the army. In the meantime his third wife, being unable to maintain herself at Wellsville, N. Y., moved to Coldwater, Mich., where she had several relatives.

Soon after joining the army, reviving thoughts of sweet Helen Webster led him to seek a divorce from his abandoned wife, and a divorce broker in New York was set on work to secure it. During the pendency of the proceedings, Dobbs says he received a letter from his attorney stating that he received a letter from a brother of the wife announcing her death. This story was very convincing, of course, but he found early consolation in a marriage with Helen Webster. Not long after, he was settled over the Sixth Street Baptist church of New York. Dobbs, at Hudson, Wis. Here he allowed him there, and he was induced thereby to peacefully resign that charge. He then came to the present seat of war—Scarsville. His black record soon leaked out, and he was finally culminated in a trial by four Baptist clergymen, which is now in progress.

The abandoned wife (who did not die after all) and his children, as by her, now 25 years old, are both present, ready to confront him and swear to the injuries which he has done them. Full proof of most of the facts here stated will be adduced on trial. Mr. Dobbs is a bold and defiant man, and he can put to rout all his accusers. Eminent counsel have been retained on each side, and a most extraordinary church trial will probably be had. The village is in a perfect ferment over it. The church is sadly divided over the matter, although the friends of the accused are very few, notwithstanding his great ability and the ingenuity of his defense. A criminal prosecution for libel seems imminent, and great events are at hand. We shall have the particulars of the trial soon.

Personal and Local.

Mrs. J. H. Stillman Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., has entered the lecturing field. She is a fine psychometrist and medium, and will ably sustain herself before the people.

P. C. Mills, of West Buxton, Maine, has entered the lecturing field.

John Downing, of Paola, Kansas, thinks some good test medium and lecturer would do well to visit that vicinity.

Isaac Farley, writes from Foote P. O., Iowa, speaking very ungrudgingly of the good works of Mrs. L. E. Walbrook. He says that any good lecturer who should come that way would meet a hearty welcome.

Mr. Louis Schleisinger is stirring up the good people of Texas with his inspired pen. He is active, intelligent, wealthy and energetic; and the angels have selected him for a great work.

Mrs. L. H. Perkins has been lecturing at Ohio City, Kansas, much to the satisfaction of the people. She spent the winter in Washington.

Mrs. Lois Washbrook goes to Colorado the middle of May.

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Now, that the status of Spiritualism is settled by this Kansas Chief, the world will breathe freer, people will sleep sounder, children go to bed in the dark without fear, and everybody be as "happy as a big sunflower," because, who's afraid of an invention? While the Right Hon. Hon. Becham, Esq., was supposed to be the prime mover of Spiritualism, it was he who was to be apprehended in that direction. Now that the devil has been removed by the single efforts of a Kansas editor, it is to be hoped people will take tickets for a front seat, where they can examine Spiritualism without fear of his Balance Majesty! We thank our brother Miller for his efforts in behalf of the cause, and hope the balance of the world throughout the country will thereafter speak of spiritualism, not as a delusion, or of the devil, but as an invention of the Fox Girls!

Palermo, Kansas.

Spirits at the South.

Again the light was extinguished, the medium remaining still, the circle formed, bells and gongs keeping up a continuous noise, while the music and audience were singing. A light was called for by Mr. Bovee, and immediately produced, which discovered the same conditions of the medium and audience, with a new hoop encircling Mr. Bovee's head. The light again disappeared, and Richard requested to untie the medium; which was instantly done, and the rope hurried against the head of Judge Benedict, as discovered or produced at light. Again the room was darkened, and some spirit whose name I forgot, requested Judge Benedict, through the medium, to copy the last time in his life, to the first time he ever lived, which he did, and negatively to his parents and

NEWARK, OHIO.—J. R. Scott writes:—As for myself, I can not do without the JOURNAL. I would rather go on short rations than do without it. I have been a subscriber here at least as long as I can remember, and have been known as the Sherman brothers, who are the first rate. They can be securely tied and their coats taken off in less than half a minute. They also get good communications through the horn, on almost any subject that may be introduced. They have rented a hall for the purpose of holding a grand ball for every day. There has been some good thing done on them, but they don't stay tied worth a cent.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.—O. Reynolds writes:—For six months, unremunerated, you have continued your weekly visits to our humble abode, and I feel that I ought to no longer delay payment for your services. I think you would forgive our neglect, were we not so very poor. I have been obliged to refuse family support that winter. I regret that I cannot do more for you.

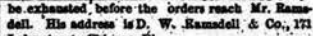
on man, tired with the follies of the world, and preparing for the grave into which she must soon descend. Oh! there is something in contemplating the character of a woman, that raises the soul far above the vulgar level of society. She is formed to adorn and humanize mankind, to soothe his pains and sweeten his path through life. Her heart is distressed she rocks her head, her heart is broken she weeps, she calls him from existence, her tears bedew his grave. Can I look down upon her tomb without emotion? Man has always justice done to his memory—woman never. The pages of history are open to one; but the meek and unobtrusive excellence of the other sleeps with her unnoticed in the grave. In her may have shone the genius of a poet, with the power of a saint. But she is forgotten and unheeded along the sterile pathway of her existence, and left for others as I now feel for her.

ISAAC ATWOOD.
Rock Lake Vineyard and Nurseries
LAKE MILLS, WIS.

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this morning it is quite well."
 Moses Hartland, Penn Yan, N. Y.
 To Professor Spence.

If your Druggist hasn't this Powder, send your money at once to H. HOF, HOFERSON, as above directed. He will also at the Office of the Express-Transcontinental Journal 127 and 129 South Clark Street.
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